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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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LONDON:

On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency,
17 Green St., Leicester Sq.

BOSTON

CHICAGO

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Published Monthly by

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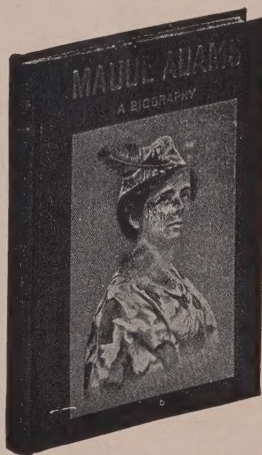
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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVIII

AUGUST, 1913

No. 150

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



Sarony

LAURA HOPE CREWS

Selected to play Beatrice to John Drew's Benedick in Charles Frohman's forthcoming production of "Much Ado About Nothing"



Copyright 1913, by George Kleine

The massacre of the Christians. The lions about to be let loose on their human prey

This remarkable moving picture exhibit is probably the most ambitious photo-drama ever shown on the screen. The pictures, which were made in Italy, have all the elaboration and artistic finish to the smallest detail that mark foreign-made films, and the *mise-en-scène* is masterly and magnificent. The story, based on the well-known book by the famous Polish author, is amply provided with sensational thrills and follows the novel closely. The original production was on a lavish scale, the tableaux all being of sumptuous splendor, while the company, of exceptional size and ability, comprises several hundreds of players. Noteworthy among the many spectacular scenes are the burning of Rome, the banqueting and attendant orgies of the court of Nero, the chariot races and battle of the gladiators in the arena, and the massacre of the Christians by the lions. The latter scene, especially, is one of remarkable realism, the effect having been obtained by means of a double exposure. The effect is so real as to bring gasps of horror from the spectators. The film well deserves its name, "masterpiece of the movies"

SCENE IN THE CINEMATOGRAPH PRODUCTION OF SIENKIEWICZ'S FAMOUS NOVEL, "QUO VADIS"

THE Woman's National Theatre is a project. It is an idea, but one so deeply ingrained in the thought and being of feminine players and playgoers that it is more than liable to become a fact.

The Federation of Women's Clubs is enthusiastically considering it, and the Federation of Women's Club represents more than one hundred thousand women. Women form four-fifths of the audiences of the theatre, and women, thinking a great deal about the motto that led that unexpected function, the Boston Tea Party, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," are carrying this slogan into the playhouses. They assert that they are not represented in any adequate spirit by amusement houses managed by men, entertainment provided by men, and standards of amusement set up and maintained by men. They want to show that a playhouse with no man in it save the scene shifter, whose brawn is needed for his changing sets, and the actor required for the enactment of male rôles, will become and what it will achieve. The Women's National Theatre will be, say they, an object lesson to managers as to the kind of entertainment women want for themselves and their families, and the term families, please bear in mind, includes the men of the domestic aggregation as well as the children.

In the sense that it will be an exponent of woman's thought and woman's aims, and that it will be, in the degree pointed out, not manned, but womaned, it will be a Woman's Theatre. But

Plays and Players

you will note that the word "National" follows. The word is an elastic one, and loosely used by those whose thought and language are not discriminating. The projectors of the unique plan use it in its literal sense. It will be national for it will be American. The American note will dominate it, American motives will rule it and be reflected by it, American themes will be handled by American playwrights in an American spirit, and American players will be preferred.

Unique will be the new theatre because of its plan to furnish continuously a variety of amusement and that it will cater not to one class of playgoers, but to all. There will be moving pictures for those who crave that form of entertainment, and there will be vaudeville for the men and women who have a taste for that kind of amusement. Musical comedy will find a place on its boards and drama will crown the pastime structure.

The primary purpose of the theatre, amusement, will be kept always in view, but there will be nothing furnished in that name that would blush to cross a hearthstone. Women will protect each other and they will protect children, aye, and men, from sights and sounds that degrade or that place a price on priceless things.

There will be no patent attempt at uplifting the masses or heaping responsibility upon the classes, no compulsory education in the plan of the Woman's National Theatre, but there will be

something worthy and inspiring in every day's program for those who seek it. Its projectors would make it deserve the name, so lightly spoken yet so fraught with meaning, a temple of amusement.

It was Mrs. A. R. Martinsen, ardent playgoer and student of the theatre in the United States and Europe, who gave birth to the idea. Mary Shaw nursed the infant. Edith Ellis and Keith Wakeman hovered tenderly about it, anticipating its wants. Prospectuses were issued. Women's clubs joyously welcomed the infant, which is growing fast, and will be presented to the women of the large cities this coming season.

Two plans were proposed for its financing. One was that the multimillionairesses of New York, already interested in the plan, should advance the money and become its directorate. The failure of the New Theatre was cited in opposition to this and in support of the plan which prevailed that there be a canvass of the cities for nominal subscriptions for stock.

"If a million women will each give a dollar we will have a million dollars, and it will be easy to get a million women to give a dollar," is the financial platform.

Thus will a building and an endowment be assured, and the small amount of the individual contributions will outweigh the objections from other cities to the site of the theatre being in New York.

When the Woman's National Theatre has proven its worth and practicability, it is hoped by the army of earnest women who carry its banners that the city or nation will take it over and make it perpetual, or coexistent with the Government itself.

The legitimate stage has not a monopoly of plays with a

"punch," as it is called. Every now and then are tried out in vaudeville pieces that impress the audience. In Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, "Demi Tasse," a one-act drama by W. H. McLaughlin, thrilled both public and critics. Archie Bell, the brilliant dramatic reviewer of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, says of the little play:

"'Demi-Tasse' is well written. It proves that the author has something to say, and it proves that he has the knack of dramatic expression. Robert Gregory, a New York broker, went to Spain, after an affaire with Pauline Stevens. At Madrid he married a pretty Spanish girl and brought her back to America. She trusted him and she loved him. She suspected him after a time, but still she trusted, until one day she opened a letter by mistake, believing it to be addressed to her. The letter was a bold message, which exposed former relations and present entanglements with Pauline. Instead of flying into a rage, the wife quietly telephoned to Pauline and invited her to dinner. After the three have dined they enter the music room of the Gregory home for their after-dinner coffee as the curtain rises. It is suggested that they go to a theatre. In discussing the plays on view the wife wishes that they might go to see 'The Kreutzer Sonata.' 'Horrible,' shriek the guilty pair, who pretend that they do not remember it in detail. The wife insists upon relating it scene by scene. The wife kills her husband and his mistress and then kills herself. They are terrified and laugh at her remarks, endeavoring to lift the gloomy cloud that seems to have come over her. She whips out a revolver.

"'I have placed poison in one of two cups,' she says to the mistress. I will drink one; you shall drink the other, as my husband admits that he cannot

(Continued on page xi)



REMINISCENCES OF AN ACTRESS

Mademoiselle Rhéa, an actress of the precise training in the foreign schools, and a woman of agreeable personality, achieved considerable success in America, and, after a sojourn of a few years, returned with a moderate fortune to Belgium. The visiting celebrity has been a customary incident in our theatrical history almost from the very beginning of stage activities with us. A few, like Janauschek and Modjeska, made this the home of their adoption. They all came to us celebrated. Mademoiselle Rhéa had the distinction of being the first of the stars, imported from abroad, for commercial purposes, whose wide public recognition was gained here. There have been many failures in like attempts to create celebrity; but Mademoiselle Rhéa was equal to her opportunity. She was brought over by Sargent, an enterprising manager, the most voluble and liberal advertiser of his day. Her first appearance was not propitious, Schiller's play, "Kabele und Liebe," being unhappily chosen for her début. She recovered herself in more familiar plays and soon established herself in a profitable career. The following reminiscences, written by herself, will be found of great interest, giving as they do some idea of the difficulties that beset the stage career.

I WAS born in Brussels of French parents. I inherit from my mother my cheerful disposition and from my father my love for art. I was hardly six years old when I was sent to the Ursuline Convent in France. Eight years of my life were spent there, and I owe to the dear nuns that reared me the happy faculty of being able to adapt myself to every inconvenience. The discipline was very strict; we were allowed no caprices; to obey was the rule that was enforced to the utmost limit. More than once through life I have had reason to be grateful for the severe training of my youth.

When a little over fourteen I was called to my mother's death-bed. Her loss was the first great sorrow I experienced. This was followed by many others, among them the death of my father, which occurred shortly after. I shall not dwell on those sacred memories, but will turn a few leaves of my book of life, passing over my days of mourning and sorrow with a thought of love and regret for the dear departed.

I have always been of an enthusiastic nature, and although at the convent I was far from being a model pupil, yet this did not prevent me from being a firm believer. My favorite books were the lives of the saints. Saint Theresa especially, with her divine faith, ardent devotion, holy ecstasies, appealed to my imagination, and I had only one desire: to follow her example and to devote my life to the service of God.

One day I told my favorite sister that when I was old enough I should enter the Carmelite Convent and become a nun. She looked at me, but did not reply. Very soon big tears were running down her cheeks, and through her sobs she said: "If you do, I'll die."

Shall I confess it? Saint Theresa, the Carmelite Convent and all the saints were forgotten and hugging my sister and kissing her, I promised never to part from her. My holy resolutions, built probably on too weak a foundation, had completely vanished before that outburst of sisterly love.

Soon after, at a reception, I met the renowned actor, Fechter, who was then in all his glory. After a few minutes' conversation he remarked how great my resemblance was to Rachel and asked, rather abruptly, if I had ever thought of going on the stage. I said: "No." "Why don't you go? You have an expressive face; a good voice, I will give you a letter to my friend Beauvallet, the great tragedian and professor at the Conservatoire."

It seemed as if a veil had been torn from my eyes and a new world opened before me. Racine! Corneille! Those geniuses, whose work I had admired in the silence of the school room! Should I one day be called upon to interpret their masterpieces? It was enough to inflame an imagination less ardent than mine. I lost no time in making up my mind, and that done I left for Paris.

Shall I ever forget those happy days of girlhood, when the world smiled upon me with its hopes and its promises? For all



Mme. Rhéa as Josephine

is sunshine for the young, and to-day nothing pleases me more than to play before students; no matter how noisy, I do not mind it. I always wish I could say to them: "Enjoy yourselves! Drink life at a full draught; do not think of to-morrow. Live! Live! Live! Youth is gone the day you assume the duties of life and the responsibilities of your profession."

On my arrival in Paris my first visit was to Beauvallet. He was already an old man but he still had that remarkable voice which alone would have made him famous, had he not been endowed besides with nearly all the other attributes of a great actor.

He was very blunt, very gruff. When I went to take my first lesson, he answered with a kind of groan my timid greeting, and without preamble he took my book,

told me to stand in the centre of the room and to begin.

The part I had chosen was Monime, from the tragedy of "Mithridate," by Racine. After a few lines he stopped me, telling me to observe the commas, to mark them with a slight pause. I began again, trying to remember, but at the last line I forgot. Then, stamping his foot, he swore. At that moment a servant entered and told him that a visitor awaited him in the parlor. On his return he found me bathed in tears, sobbing as if my heart would break. He had forgotten what had happened and, of course, I was not going to remind him. But I suppose the reason of my grief, after a while, dawned upon him, for, patting me on the head, he said in tones of paternal reproof: "Come! Come! A tragedienne crying? That must not be." And from that moment he, who was reputed a terror, was the best and kindest of teachers.

At the Conservatoire, one day, while the pupils were waiting for him, one of them, a very tall and slim young man, went on the stage and assuming Beauvallet's deep voice, gave us an imitation of him that was most ludicrous. Beauvallet, entering suddenly, heard it; he looked as black as a rain cloud and sitting in his large armchair said, apparently calm, but with a voice of thunder: "Fool! Do you expect, with that carcass of yours, to render the sounds which I produce? It would be ridiculous! When I read a speech to you, I do not want you to imitate my voice, but to render my meaning with your own powers. Remember La Fontaine's advice:

"Ne forçons point notre talent,
Nous ne ferions rien avec grâce."

I need not tell you how confused and sheepish we all looked. But Beauvallet and the tragedies of Corneille and Racine did not absorb all my time; Versailles and the Louvre furnished me even more food for thought.

History has always been one of my favorite studies. Imagine my enthusiasm, as I wandered through those magnificent galleries of Versailles, where everything speaks of France and its past splendor; where her whole history is illustrated on canvas by masterhands. There is Louis XIV, called the Great, and his still greater ministers; there Louis XV and his court of beautiful



ETHEL AMORITA KELLEY

This attractive actress is now appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the New Amsterdam Theatre



Moffett

VALLI-VALLI

Who plays the rôle of Wanda in "The Purple Road"

women: Madame de Pompadour, with her stately dignity; Madame DuBarry with her roguish smile and her mischievous eyes, and a little further, the noble, beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Here is the "Serment du Jeu de Paume," the great revolutionists, Camille Desmoulins, Robespierre, Danton; in the midst of them, a young man, with long dark hair and a stern face is listening to these leaders of a cause, the remnants of which, when the Revolution has done its work, he will crush under his heels and give to France a master who shall rule her with an iron hand. And the gardens! And the fountains! And Trianon! Ah, Versailles! A poet alone can sing thy praises. In the language of the gods only, can one do justice to thy grandeur and thy magnificence!

The Louvre was not less attractive to my young imagination, but it lacks the poetry one breathes at Versailles. At the Louvre, the shadow of Catherine de Medicis, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the recollection of assassinations, plots, dark deeds, make one gloomy and depressed. But who can look upon those marvels of the sculptor's art that meet the eye at every step and remain insensible to their power and beauty? Ah, Realism! Cast an eye on these Apollos, Venuses, Gladiators and tell me if art is not an inspiration of God, to show men what they would have been had sin not sullied them. Therefore art should idealize everything. It is heavenly; why try to make it earthly? Lift me up, but do not drag me down!

The study of those faces, those costumes, those attitudes, made

such impression upon my mind, that when I wore for the first time gowns of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, I felt even more at home than in my modern dresses.

My first appearance in public was made at the Salle Pleyel in Paris; I had two charming friends, sisters, both talented musicians, who belonged to the Polish nobility. Though poor, they were highly patronized by their wealthier countrymen. Every year they gave a grand concert at the Salle Pleyel. They proposed to me one day to recite at their concert; I consented, of course, and decided upon "La Nuit d'Octobre," by Alfred de Musset. The day of the concert I was at the hall two hours before time, dressed all in white as a muse ought to be, for I was to represent the Muse of Poetry. I knew no fear and was full of impatience for my turn to come. It came. . . . Oh, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!! Mon Dieu!!! I could not move, I was paralyzed; it required the inducement, the persuasion of everyone around me, to bring me to my senses. Suddenly, before I knew it, I stood facing that immense audience, my legs shaking, my lips trembling, my teeth chattering; but I had hardly spoken four lines when I recovered my self-possession and I went on without a break. The applause of the public, the first I had ever received, sounded like sweet music to my ears; and the congratulations of the artists, the compliments of the critics, the flowers sent to me by my friends, all this completely intoxicated me. I thought myself nothing less than a goddess and I walked on air the rest of the evening. It was a red-letter day in my existence, a day never to be forgotten. This was my début in the artistic world.

Having spent already a good deal of the money left me, I went to Brussels, determined to test my ability, to learn whether or not I should be successful in the career I had chosen. After seeing several managers, I was chosen for the part of Hélène in "Les Doigts de Fée." No choice could have been more lucky. The part was pleasing, sympathetic, and my very unconsciousness of the task I had undertaken added a charm to my acting. It is only after some disagreeable experience that one realizes the difficulties of this profession and loses that self-confidence which all beginners possess and which must have inspired that old proverb: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." That disagreeable experience came soon enough. I had to play a part in verse and was not very sure of my lines.

When night came I went on and stopped short in the first speech. In my trouble I did not hear the prompter. I had only one thought, to rush off the stage. The other actors went on fortunately without their cue, but when the curtain fell they had a good laugh at me, while my heart was beating with shame. My sister, who had witnessed the performance, felt so mortified that she spoke of nothing less than of my leaving the stage and giving up acting altogether. I know I must have looked like a goose; still, I was not to be discouraged by that, which, after all, was only a little incident, that could have happened to a genius; I spent the whole night studying my part and next morning I was letter perfect.

During that season I had the opportunity of appearing in several great plays, among others: "L'Ami des Femmes"; "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre"; but my favorite part was Queen Anne in "Le Verre d'eau."

It was in Brussels that I met Mlle. Desclée. Aimée Desclée! As I write her name, tears come to my eyes—tears of regret for that departed genius taken away in the zenith of her glory. I had seen her in "Frou-Frou," which brought Paris to her feet; in "La Princesse Georges," "Diane de Lys," and to me she was the personification of dramatic art.

An actor of the company and his wife, who had travelled with her on several tours through Italy, knowing my admiration for the great actress, planned a little surprise for me, which they knew would be a genuine pleasure.

It was Christmas eve; they asked me to take supper with them after the play, very informally. They said that there would be but one guest besides myself, an actress friend from the provinces. I was delighted, for, except acting, nothing then pleased me more than to talk about acting. I went at the appointed hour. On entering the room, they introduced me to a lady of medium height, very simply attired in a plaid gown, her hair combed back, showing a broad forehead, with soft, languid eyes, a rather sad smile but a "*je ne sais quoi*" that set my heart a-beating and left me speechless, with my eyes rivetted on her. My friends could not help laughing. Where had I seen those eyes? When had I felt the magnetic spell of that presence? Having sufficiently enjoyed my bewilderment, my friends introduced



Miss Billie Burke and her canine pet, "Toots," out shopping in her new 1914 Packard Landulet

me. At the name of Desclée, I could hardly speak. I uttered a few words, which were meant for a compliment.

"Yes, yes," she said, with a bitter smile, "I know I am a great actress; if I doubted it, I would only have to look at my dress-maker's bill! Ah, it is expensive to play the leading parts in Paris! Bah! Never mind! When I am ruined and they get tired of me, I will join your stock company. How jolly that will be!"

We sat at supper. What did we eat? What did we drink? I cannot tell. I, who generally could not keep my mouth closed a minute was listening to that woman, so great and yet so unaffected, whose conversation upon every topic was a delight. O divine simplicity of genius! Why are your altars deserted? What surprised me was that beneath her mirth (for she could laugh with the abandon of a child) there was a sort of melancholy that oppressed the heart. No wonder: it was a foreboding of death. The divine spark that animated that body was about to leave it. She died two years later, at the age of thirty-six, robbing the world of a genius that has never been surpassed.

After a season at Brussels I went to Rouen, which is only two and a half hours from Paris and considered the second theatrical town in France.

The Rouennais are very—what shall I say, critical? Judge for yourself. They pride themselves on having hissed Talma, who, though considered France's greatest tragedian, was not sufficiently great for them. Therefore, it is not without fear that an actor makes his début in that capital of Normandy where genius failed to gain approval. But I suppose that geniuses only are thought worthy of their criticism and that young débutantes are looked upon with charitable condescension by them, for, in spite of my little experience, I was accepted.

A début in the French provinces is by no means an easy ordeal to pass through. An actor has a right to choose three different parts, which must be played inside of a month. The first and

second débuts have no significance; he may be received coldly, critically or enthusiastically—it has no meaning; the third one decides his fate. That night, after the play, the manager, very solemn in his dress-suit, appears before the audience and says: "Monsieur or Mlle. So-and-So has made his or her début; the management wishes to know the verdict of the public."

Then he produces a placard, on which is printed in large letters the word "ACCEPTED." If the actor pleases, the audience applauds; if not, it hisses until the manager produces another placard with the word "REFUSED." Then the applause starts again, without regard for the feelings of the poor, broken-hearted girl or boy, who has been waiting in the wings for the verdict of that inhuman jury called the public.

The Théâtre Français at Rouen is built on the spot where Joan of Arc was burned. In that theatre were given, immediately after their first production, all the great successes of Paris. Besides, every Sunday, we played a drama at St. Sever, one of the suburbs of Rouen. These performances brought to mind those given by the strolling players of old. They were not artistic, oh no! We hardly knew our parts, but the applause of the galleries, which were crowded to suffocation, intoxicated us, fired our enthusiasm and gave to our acting a conviction that made up for whatever was lacking in finish.

Our salaries were small; our work very hard. We spent our nights studying our parts and our days rehearsing them, but what did it matter? There, in the distance, stood the ladder of fame, and to reach the goal we were ready to walk on thorns, if need be, even with a smile upon the lips. Ah, people who have not struggled have not lived!

As I look back upon those days, a feeling of sadness comes over me; youth is too short. What fun we had during the rehearsals at St. Sever! We were more like children than actors striving to win fame and fortune. Our stage manager looked like an old school teacher and we played pranks on him, just as

a lot of gamins would have done. Monbazon, our leading man, especially, was forever inventing some new joke.

The theatre at St. Sever was formerly a circus. It was a huge building with a seating capacity of three thousand. The curtain rose generally at half-past seven, but the crowd was so great that sometimes at half-past eight the audience was not seated. Then while the heroine was relating her tales of woe and the hero was swearing to avenge her, the public shouted "Down with the curtain! Begin again!" But, without paying the slightest attention, we went on amid the uproar until finally it quieted down.

Some of the performances lasted until two o'clock in the morning. They were for the most part historical or romantic plays, in twelve or fifteen tableaux: "La Dame de Montsoreau," "La Reine Margot," "Notre-Dame de Paris," "The Wandering Jew," "Joan of Arc," etc.

Apropos of "Joan of Arc," an amusing incident occurred of which I was the victim. I was cast for the part of Joan, and Rouen, being the place where she was sacrificed, great interest, of course, was aroused in the production of the drama, especially as for the occasion an old senator, who lived at Rouen, had written several speeches in honor of its brave inhabitants, speeches intended to appeal to their patriotism and to flatter their pride. The play was splendidly mounted and the performance was a great success, the Senator's speeches arousing especial enthusiasm. For my part, I had consulted the archives, so religiously kept in the City Hall; I had studied every image, every statue representing the brave heroine of Domrémy, and I must say that I succeeded admirably in my make-up. The supers, at least two hundred in number, were soldiers of a regiment of hussars stationed at St. Sever.

The play was going on admirably, the siege of Orleans being particularly realistic, so realistic, in fact, that when I stood on the rampart, waving triumphantly the white banner with the fleur-de-lys of France, I received a charge of powder in my hand from which I suffered for a week afterward, although I felt nothing in the excitement of the moment.

In the last act, while I ascended the steps leading to the stake, I could hear sobs of pity and sympathy all over the house, and when the flames began to arise a shiver of horror ran through the audience. But soon I heard a titter that increased until it became a roar of laughter. My eyes were closed; I could not be so inartistic as to open them, however anxious I might be to know the cause of the untimely hilarity; but when the curtain came down, the sight I beheld was so ludicrous that although it had ruined the act, it did not keep me from joining in the general fun. This is what had happened. After the burning at the stake, Joan, in an apotheosis, ascends to heaven supported by clouds. As the ascension began, the clouds broke, and there I stood, my head in the air and my feet on earth, my body hidden by the only piece of cloud that had done its work. So ended that memorable performance, which I thought would carry me down to posterity and render my name immortal. Alas, on what frail threads hangs our destiny!

During my engagement at Rouen, I had the good fortune of acting several times with the great comedian Coquelin. He came regularly every fortnight and that week our work would be simply overwhelming. We had the Sunday drama to study, a play for the week and Coquelin's extra performance. There

are actors who favor these quick studies; I do not agree with them. Nothing good can be done in a hurry. Memory and nerves are taxed to an extent that is detrimental to both. The actor rushes through the part without finish or attention to details, having only one absorbent thought: the words. I remember once playing with Coquelin "Gabrielle" by Emile Augier. The play is in verse and I had had only one rehearsal, as was always the case with the celebrated actor. During the whole performance I kept my eyes fixed on a certain spot trying to concentrate my mind on my part. After the play, Coquelin asked me why I never looked at him. "If I had I should not have been able to go on," I replied.

Among the many parts I played with him were Cathos in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," Gabrielle, "Le Mari à la Campagne," "Le Mariage de Figaro." But the one performance I shall never forget was that of "L'Etourdi." Usually at rehearsal Coquelin omitted his long speeches and rushed through his part, coming straight to the cue.

In "L'Etourdi" he had a speech of at least thirty lines in length, which he spoke with a velocity that was bewildering. When he began, I looked at him with such amazement that he could hardly refrain from laughing. I was dazed; it was like a whirlwind and when he gave me my cue, I quietly turned my face away, showing him, by this action, not to rely upon me for the next cue.

Is that good schooling for beginners? I believe not. I think that it is especially at the opening of a career that one must be very careful not to fall into bad habits. These hurried studies give one a nervousness and a lack of confidence that may prove fatal in after years.

The season in Rouen had completely exhausted me; besides I thought I had had sufficient experience to try my fortune in Paris. I started once more for the great capital, thinking that like Cæsar I would come, see and conquer.

I came, but I did not see. Every manager's door was guarded by a Cerberus, who invariably told me: "Monsieur is not in."

Fortunately, letters of introduction opened to me the doors of the artistic world, which otherwise would have remained closed. My first visit was to Madame Doche, the original interpreter of Camille, or, rather, "The Lady of the Camelias," as it is called in France. She received me with the same charm, the same womanly grace, with which I had seen her play "Camille." When I hear people raving to-day over loud, hysterical, vulgar Camilles, I think of her delicate rendition of the part, and I say: "*Autre temps, autres mœurs.*"

Her large apartment was most luxuriously furnished; no trace of luxurious disorder; everything showed the refined taste of the owner. I recited to her a poem of François Coppée. She was so well pleased that she gave me a letter to the young poet.

I found Coppée, later the celebrated academician, in a little back apartment, Rue Oudinot. The floor was of red brick and he himself was attired in a red flannel jacket. And was it there, in this humble abode, that he had written the "Passant" that exquisite poem which on its first appearance made all Paris exclaim: "Unto us a poet is born"? Ah! but the man who had written those pages had enough sunshine in his heart to flood the whole universe. Besides inspiration does not seek gilded surroundings; it comes to the true born poet in his garret with greater speed than in the sumptuous dwelling of the rich.

In spite of his young celebrity, (Continued on page xiv)



SELENE JOHNSON

Lately seen as Mrs. Martin in "The Argyle Case"



M. H. H.

EDITH AND MABEL TALIAFERRO

These well-known and popular actresses will appear next season in a new play by Cleveland Moffett

George Fawcett, Apostle of the School of Suggestion

I DON'T believe in telling too much."

George Fawcett stirred the sleeping body of Brownie gently with his foot. Brownie, his brindle bull terrier, gifted with marvellous repose and indifference to most external things, slept peacefully on at his master's feet in the star dressing-room at the Astor Theatre.



White
GEORGE FAWCETT

"In an interview?" I queried, looking at the rather heavy face that despite its heaviness has a marvellous mobility and power of reflecting emotions and states of mind, even to the back row.

"No," he rejoined, "on the stage. I believe in suggestion. What I should like to do, and hope soon to do, is to play Macbeth and Othello in that way. A street scene, for instance, will not be shown as a street scene. There will be a painted drop suggesting one. That is all and that in my opinion is enough. The suggestion in acting is powerful. An instance of that recurs to me in connection with 'The Squaw Man.' I am in that play offering a young fellow a souvenir. I say to him 'I meant to give it to you before, but my mother—' That, to my mind, is quite enough. Coupled with a pause and a deepening gravity of face it means but one thing. The article had belonged to my mother, for that reason was sacred to me and I had not wished to part with it before. In England they always got that message. In my own country they did not always."

Brownie snored faintly at his master's feet. There was an hour until the curtain would rise on "A Man's Friends." With this unwonted leisure in prospect Brownie's master grew ruminative.

"Only one person out of a hundred knows acting," he remarked.

"That one person in a hundred is what sort?"

"That one person must have studied acting," he returned. "No one makes the attempt to criticise nor even expects to appreciate a picture without knowing something of the principles of drawing and painting. It is the same about music. In England they have clubs for the study of acting as an art. The Drama League of our country is such an organization. Seeing many plays and thinking of and analyzing the performances is the study of acting," said he.

Looking at George Fawcett, realizing that his following, a strong one, is a cult whose standard is the best acting, I asked:

"How many years does it take to make an actor?"

"Ten years," he responded without hesitation, "ten years to make a good actor, twenty years to make a great one. Learning to act is a slow, steady process, with accident figuring largely in it. Accidents furnish opportunities. I had been playing for fifteen years before I knew I could play comedy. It was an accident that revealed it to me. While I was managing my stock company in Baltimore a comedy gap had to be filled. There being no one else to play the part I tried it, gave myself and others who had thought of me only as a serious actor, a surprise.

"Actors have three notes. They make the vital appeal, the comedy appeal, and the sympathy appeal. Many men, and successful ones, can strike only two of these notes. Some can strike only one. Few can make all three kinds of appeal.

"Many have tried to define acting. There have been all kinds of definitions, academic and ridiculous. The definers drift far out to sea when they make the attempt. Everyone has a definition that suits him or his needs. Mine is 'Acting is a state of mind.' We get into such state of mind that we influence ourselves and others to believe that what we do is reality. Acting is a flash from one mind to others. The more of the 'others'

and the more powerfully the message reaches, the greater is the acting."

"Then you think the appeal of acting is to the mind? There is belief that acting appeals primarily to the feelings."

"Some acting does, but it isn't the best. Great acting always makes its appeal to the brain."

George Fawcett has been a player of many parts. The Fawcett cult thinks he grazes the sky in the scale of eminence in this country. What he plays is always played well, more than well, with unction of reading and with power of personality. His variety of presentations has been infinite. Yet we have not identified him inseparably with any one part. Quite unconsciously he was following my train of thought for his words trod upon the heels of my conclusion.

"Whenever there has been a pre-eminently successful actor in this country there has been association of him with one part that made a powerful personal appeal," said he, his head bowed thoughtfully, his tone reflective, his eyes bent sombrely on Brownie's sleek brindle back.

"Joseph Jefferson had his Rip Van Winkle, Richard Mansfield his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In America they measure a man by his most popular part. In England they measure him by his ability to play everything he undertakes well and by the variety of parts he can play. The English standard is more just."

We will not permit England to claim the discovery of George Fawcett, but England did emphasize for us the fine flavor and the delicacy of shading of his performances. Club doors flung open for him. Dinners were incomplete without him. "Go to see the wonderful American in 'The Squaw Man,' said the newspapers and magazines. 'His art is like dry wine.'"

Mr. Fawcett began in Virginia. The University, founded by Joseph Jefferson, and that caps the hills of Monticello, moulded him into young manhood, and New York and the road have contributed to his growth. He is yet incomplete. For the rounding of his career and the attainment of the pinnacle of his achievement I predict a period of actor-managership like his uniquely successful rule in Baltimore but in the larger domain of New York.

He will write a book on "Acting," and it will begin with his discovery of the earliest playwright and that earliest playwright's mastery of the thirty plots on which all drama turns.

"He had the plot of one person being mistaken for another. He had the locket story. There have been variations but no departures from his themes," said Mr. Fawcett, and he told me with the joy of the omnivorous reader in the taste of a differing morsel of letters of Aspasia to Pericles, which he had that afternoon found in a volume by Walter Savage Landor. "Aspasia was the greatest woman of all times," he said with kindling eyes, unsatisfied until I had promised to read every one of the afore-said letters.

A boy with a voice that ran the gamut between treble and basso called "Half hour." Brownie's eyes opened and his ears pointed at this muezzin of the playhouse. Mr. Fawcett, with one eye on his make-up table, the other politely on me, concluded the interview:

"There are many entertainers and only a few actors," he said. "That is what is discouraging, but there is reason for encouragement in the signs of discrimination we see and hear."

"How?"

"In the applause at the right places," he said with a smile, boyish, sudden, ingratiating, that when turned on an audience makes it his own.

That evening I heard such applause. It was for his performance of the genial graft leader at points where tiny things conveyed his meaning, things so small as a millionth of a wink, a duodecimal of a shrug. It vibrated with delight when he flung over his shoulder with an easy smile his defiance of the reformer, "You'll see when we die that I'll have a bigger funeral than you."

ADA PATTERSON.



FRANCES STARR

This favorite actress, who was seen in Edward Locke's play, "The Case of Becky," will appear next season in a new play

When Mabel Meets the Actors

LIGHT 'make-up' this afternoon, remember!" The stage manager of the "ten-twenty-third" repertoire company sings out this reminder at the door of each dressing-room in turn, in most cases getting a cheerful "All right!" from within. Summer stock actors are good-tempered, hopeful



Moffett

HASSARD SHORT
Now appearing as Alaric in "Peg o' My Heart"

souls, as a rule. Besides, everybody in the Peachblow and Collins Company of players knows why they are to be chary of grease paint and talcum powder for this Wednesday matinée. There is to be a "reception" on the stage after the performance. This innovation, conceived by a successful manager of popular-price entertainment a few years ago (it was Corse Payton's idea, wasn't it?) has been adopted by stock companies all over the land, and it has always proved an attractive feature. On one afternoon in the week—"admission ten cents to all parts of the house"—everybody in the audience is invited to the stage after

the final curtain, and most of them go. There they meet the players, sometimes to sip tea, poured by the leading lady herself, and nibble nabiscos handed around by the Apollo-like being, who has just played the hero in the drama. Could any greater joy for the matinée girl be imagined?

Now, although the face of an actor would look ghastly when seen across the footlights, unless it were made proof against disfiguring shadows by skillfully applied paint and powder, the artificial coloring has a decidedly bizarre effect when seen at close range. So, to save the feelings of the matinée girl aforesaid, who is to come intimately close to the members of the cast after the play, as little "make-up" as possible is used at "reception matinées."

The Peachblow & Collins offering this week is a modern society drama, with a "straight make-up" for all of the participants except the principal comedian, who has a "character" part—that of a Chinese servant. He will have to put on a false yellow complexion, oblique black eyebrows and a bald wig with a pigtail. The other men merely substitute rouge and powder—easily brushed off—for the heavy brick-red or pink grease paint generally employed as a foundation upon which to shadow and line the eyes, tint the cheekbones and carmine the lips. The average human countenance is presentable under rouge and powder, in artistic moderation, even in the street in daylight, and at the same time it will hold its own against ordinary stage illumination. As for the women of the cast, they can easily obey the order of a "light make-up." Just a trifle less rouge than usual and a sparing use of India-ink under the eyes will do.

The play is in three acts, and at the end of the second, eighteen-year-old Mabel, just out of high school, whispers to her chum, Gertrude, with a feverish giggle: "Yes, of course we'll go up to the reception, and I'll introduce you to Clarence Peachblow, the leading man. But you mustn't get too fresh with him. He belongs to *me*. I met him last Wednesday, and he told me to be sure and come this week, because he had something to tell me. You ought to have seen the way he smiled when he said it."

"He's awfully good-looking, isn't he?" is all that Gertrude says—with perhaps a reserved determination to be as fresh as she likes.

"Swell!" is Mabel's response, passing the chocolate caramels.

It is an up-State city of some 30,000 population, and the Peachblow & Collins company has possession of the one regular theatre—with the provision that when any high-priced travelling organization from New York or Chicago halts for a one-night stand, the stock company shall move out temporarily. Mabel and Gertrude seldom patronize the visiting entertainment. They regard it rather as an interloper, which rudely interferes at intervals with a well-ordered and satisfactory system. The young ladies belong to well-to-do families, but they much prefer their cheap stock company, with its homelike ways, its familiar faces and its little intimacies, to the big, assertive "production" which swoops down on the local "opera house" with so much bustle and noise, and after taking more money at the box-office in a night than Peachblow & Collins get in a week, kicks up its heels scornfully at the town and dashes away on an early train for the next stand as if glad to get away.

Why, Mabel and Gertrude went only twice all last winter to see a performance of this kind. There was no reason why they should go, they would tell you. The city has two theatres devoted to a combination of vaudeville and motion pictures, where they could have better fun at ten cents admission. Now that the summer stock is here, they see for a dime many of the talked-of plays that were presented in New York at \$2 a year or so ago, and they haven't minded waiting. Besides, they are firmly convinced that Clarence Peachblow and the leading lady, Marguerite Collins, are much better in the principal rôle than were John Drew and Billie Burke, and similar eminent personages, who played the parts originally.

So this afternoon, when, a few minutes after the end of the performance, the curtain again rises—showing the drawing-room scene of the last act still set, but with most of the furniture out of the way, and two tables

(Continued on page viii)



Photos Otto Sarony

Edith Whitney

Lucille Cavanagh

Irene Markey

THREE ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS NOW APPEARING IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1913," AT THE WINTER GARDEN

MUCH is written about playwrights and actors; but the audience—the men and women

The Theatrical Jury

without whose co-operation the drama could not have its being—is neglected. It is like "papa" in the children's song, "the idle man who only had to pay." Instead of being deferred to as a partner, silent perhaps, but indispensable, the public is almost habitually treated by men of the theatre as a mere accident, the "dog" on which the play is to be tried, a "vile body" for the making of experiments. The respect for the public which we find in the old dramatists is gone. Men who have made their fortunes by pandering to the appetites of vulgar amusement-seekers despise the people because they can be had so cheap; the matinee idol adopts his own standard as the measure of humanity. The still, small voice of the idealist is heard by few save those for whom the theatre is the potential equal of the art of Praxiteles, of Raphael, and of Beethoven. The tradition of a censorship of the drama, unofficial, but authoritative, based on popular good taste and self-respect, seems almost lost. It is high time, indeed, to recall the public to a sense of its responsibility, to insist anew on the artistic office of the audience. Here and there, up and down the world, are to be found audiences which exemplify what can be done for the art of the stage by a right-minded populace, and it may be that from these nuclei will spring a theatrical public as powerful to influence actors and dramatists for good as were the playgoers of classic Greece, Britons of "the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth," and Frenchmen of the reign of Louis Quatorze. In our own day the zeal of an elect minority has enabled a group of enthusiasts to produce works like Marlowe's "Faustus" and Purcell's "Faerie Queen"; the aristocracy of Parisian thought makes possible the work of Antoine; the earnestness of Dublin folk for the great things of drama has constituted the Irish Players an international force. These splendid

dreamers are helping to restore the theatre to its ancient dignity, when the drama was the audible voice of the

Time Spirit, the prompt and accurate echo of popular sentiment. For them play-going is not merely a pastime, but what it was in the days of old—an intellectual discipline and a feast of the imagination.

If we inquire into the duties and privileges of the play-going public we find it to be a jury vested with the power of judge. Not only does it return a verdict on the merits of play and players, but its findings carry with them, of a necessity unknown in the procedure of other tribunals, reward or penalty. No subtlety of pleaders, no bias on the part of the presiding officer, can warp the will of the jury or secure a stay of execution. The advocates are the actors and they depend for their livelihood on the good-will of the populace. If the play fails to please, not all the efforts of friends can save it. They may vaticinate in verse

or prophesy in prose, it will avail them nothing. The people are Olympian in their absolutism, and it is only by approaching them with awful supplications, proffering sacrifice of such features of his literary progeny as may have offended, that the author may secure the rare boon of a revision of judgment. Demos is supreme, and what hope there is for the drama is to be found in the fact that, as his name implies, he is democratic. The theatrical jury is the most representative institution in the world. Anyone who can pay the price of admission may enter the jury box. All the world and his wife are included in this comprehensive panel. Every station of life and nearly every phase of mental and moral development has its spokesman. No censorious attorney can challenge the poor boy who struggles for the giddy distinction



Strauss-Peyton

FLORA PARKER-DE HAVEN
Now appearing in "All Aboard"

of "centre nob" in the gallery. A quarter's worth of omnipotence is his, and, if you be author or player, you were wise to study him. For the veriest hoodlum is an authentic proposition



White

CHRISTINE NORMAN

Who is playing the rôle of Ethel in "Peg o' My Heart"

in humanity, and the gates of his consciousness open out on the mysteries of life and death. Childhood fancy, the fervor of youth, all the enthusiasms and all the prejudices, are here gathered in conclave.

Alone among courts its members carry weight solely by virtue of their worth and personality. The price the spectator pays for his seat is no index of his influence. The titter of a shopgirl in the cheapest part of the house may expose false sentiment as effectually as the sneer of Pococurante in the stalls. Foote's caustic comment, "A Roman chimneysweep on Mayday," was the end of poor Digges' Cato. A single perverse spirit will affect a whole parterre. On the other hand, the outspoken pleasure of a Sir Roger de Coverly sets in motion ever-widening circles of kindly interest. If we are listless or indifferent, our neighbor is chilled, but our manifest enjoyment warms his heart. Without enthusiasm artistic enjoyment would be impossible. When Mæterlinck first wrote for the stage, men laughed at his ingenuous dialogue. If it had been an affectation, if he had not gone to nature for his models, his plays would have been laughed off the

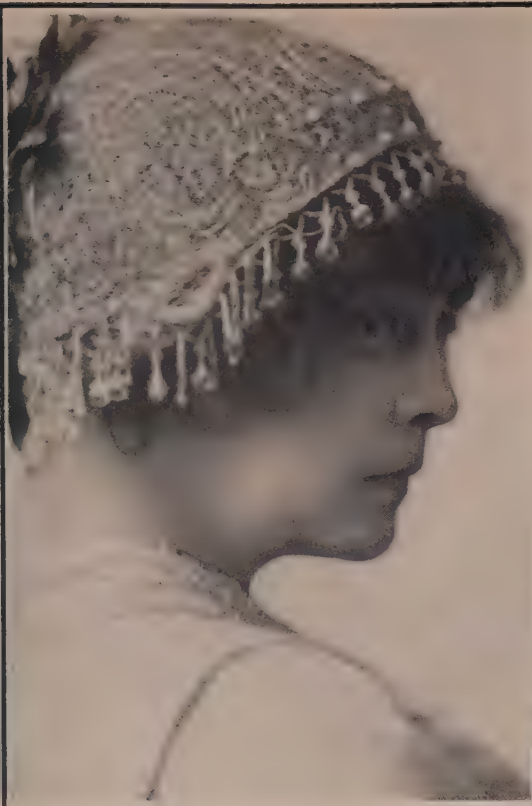
boards. But people who smile when they are pleased and weep when they grieve felt the beauty of it all, and the approval of these simple-minded folk proved a greater force than the ridicule of pedantry.

The majority of playgoers know nothing of the canons of dramatic construction. An appeal to æsthetics would only bewilder them. Their attitude is that of the child listening to the fairy tale, and they have something of the child's deadly logic. Men listen carelessly to what is said at the rise of the curtain. Suddenly some phrase rivets itself on the ear. It is the first indication of the cause which, in its capacity of jury, the audience is to hear. Is something rotten in the state of Denmark, the dramatist must make the fact appear with the least possible delay. Every word of the dialogue is directed at the spectator, who, though he may not realize it, is not merely a juror to pronounce verdict on the merits of the play and its performance, but a participant in the action. The audience is not an accident of the drama; it belongs to its very essence. It is the instrument upon which the actor produces his effects, like Richter upon the multiplex organization of the orchestra. Every actor is familiar with the audience that is galvanic in its response; familiar, too, unhappily, with people before whom it is as ungrateful to play as it would be to act in front of a stone wall. A Bernhardt or a Salvini soars highest on the wings of genius when thrilled by the enthusiasm of the multitude. The more the actor feels his emotion shared by the audience, the greater becomes his power of creation. The interested spectator is a begetter of histrionic talent. He is powerful beyond his knowledge. The large-eyed wonder of the child at the play has a potency of evocation undreamed of by the possessor. What so grateful to the villain of melodrama as the hisses of the virtuous gallery? According to the measure of their endowments, the audience put themselves in the place of the people in the play, feel with them, live their lives with them. They are the unpaid—but by no means unrecognized—collaborators with the author. Quietly watching the passing show, the juror finds himself wondering what such and such a character will do, speculating on the disinterestedness of this one, gauging the credibility of that. If his instinctive balancing of the prob-

abilities of the case is belied by the event, he is disappointed. If, on the other hand, the characters behave as they might reasonably be expected to behave, he carries away with him a sense of gratification. He has conspired with Providence and been justified by the event. It matters little that life is shown, not as men know it to be, but as they dream of it in some delicious land of make-believe. They accept the witcheries of Rautendelein and the erratic motions of Peer Gynt without question. The farmyard chivalry of "Chantecler" presents no difficulties to the popular mind. The dramatist has been obedient to the laws of his miniature creation, and that is all that people ask of him; if he set them at defiance they would hang him in the noose of his own inconsequence. Once they have an inkling of what a dramatist is trying to do they will meet him halfway. But he must take them into his confidence. The novelist may spring surprises; not so, however, the playwright. A well-made play is a series of foreshadowings, of significant hints, whereby the interest of the auditor is engaged and his imagination stimulated. The dramatist lets fall suggestions by which the audience, its curiosity pro-



White
CLARENCE HANDYSIDE
Now appearing in "Peg o' My Heart"



Moffett
TRIXIE FRIGANZA
Appearing in "The Passing Show of 1912"



White
REGINALD MASON
Who plays Christian Brent in "Peg o' My Heart"

voked by what is half revealed, is subtly prepared for what follows. These hints, so delicately flattering to the intelligence, give the spectator a luxurious sense of privilege. As Heine would say, he is permitted to look into the pots in which the playwright cooks the dénouement. A stable boy may play providence to a princess. From his eyrie in the gallery he watches the puppets of the stage with a foreknowledge that bears a far-off foreknowledge to the prescience with which the Almighty contemplates His children.

Like his brother of the law, the playwright adjusts the situation so as to appeal to the frank romanticism of the audience. Most people prefer to see life represented as they wish it, not as they sadly know it. The author is well aware of this, and, in balancing the debit and credit of the account, he leans to the side of poetic justice. It is a sophism to talk about the play as "a slice of life." If the drama were absolutely true to life, it would cease to be art and lose the highest quality with which genius can endow it. Audiences are not content merely to see some isolated event; they want to be shown its consequences. To gratify this desire days must be condensed into hours and the breath of a continent narrowed within the measure of a few yards. Humdrum is barred; people only care to see life in its high lights. Moreover, they insist on being present when the balance is struck by which fortune is made to harmonize with character. They are as greedy of evidence on matters that interest them as Dante was in his questioning of Francesca. Their instinct for the *scènes à faire* is hawklike, and woe it be to the playwright who merely tells them of an occurrence which they would like to see. It were better for that man never to have written. The point may be illustrated by Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." John Shand owes his success to the cleverness of his wife. She, clear soul, hides her superiority under a mask of deference. At last John, puffed up by success, begins to claim what he deems the prerogatives of genius. Then

nothing will satisfy the public but that he shall be taught a lesson and learn that the mare is the better horse. So said, so done; John is humbled and all are content. But the humbling has to be done before our eyes. No hearsay evidence will satisfy the jury on this head.

It is one of the consolations of mediocrity to revile the audience as tasteless, because, forsooth, fustian and rodomontade succeed for a season. As if the public went to the theatre burdened with the conscious responsibility of the professional appraiser of plays! People frequent the playhouse for enjoyment; their growth in good taste is incidental; it is the gradual emergence of the finer self. A clerk goes to the theatre to be amused by musical comedy. The play-going habit grows upon him. To his astonishment he discovers that, far from boring him, good plays delight him. Amusement, actor-worship, love of the play for its own sake—these processes represent the development of many a lover of the drama. In spite of the glamour of the meretricious, the

common people do, in the long run, judge aright. Late or soon pretense is seen through and the spell broken. Where are the "hits" of yesterday? Scour the purlieus of Broadway or Old Drury, you will scarce find one of them to revisit the glimpses of the footlights. Their wraiths shiver in outer darkness. But the great plays are still fresh and young, and will be so when we are dust. How modern "Ædipus" seems besides "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; "Hamlet" is a dramatic novelty compared with "Richelieu"; "School for Scandal" seems modish when we think of "The Ironmaster." Familiarity may breed contempt for what is unworthy, but the more we know the great in art the more we love it. The public is not blind, but unthinking, and often inexperienced. The disdainers of Demos are journeymen actors and unsuccessful authors; master craftsmen defer to him, not slavishly indeed, but with clear-eyed recognition of the fact that art, which leaves the multitude cold, while it may possess a subtle charm for the con-



NORMAN McKINNEL
Prominent English actor who made his appearance in this country in "Rutherford & Son"

(Continued on page x)

Humor is the spice of life. He who has it not, misses the one thing that makes the daily grind endurable. Perhaps more than any other calling, the profession of the mummer has been productive of humor. The comic incidents that frequently occur on the stage, and yet are not part of the entertainment, would

Anecdotes of the Stage

fill volumes. It is our purpose to print, from time to time, short and true anecdotes of the stage and its people. Players and

managers are invited to contribute any amusing experiences of this nature they may have had. The only condition imposed is that the stories be true, be brief, and have humor and point.



ONE night when Adelaide Neilson was playing the potion scene in "Romeo and Juliet," one of the most impressive examples of this great artist's power, she had just reached the agonizing line, "What if this mixture do not work?" when a clear voice from the gallery promptly suggested:

"Then take a pill!"

When sprightly Edna Wallace Hopper got a divorce from comedian De Wolf Hopper she plaintively remarked that she was now a grasshopper.

De Wolf Hopper had a slight cold one night, and in a curtain speech he referred to it in this fashion:

"I went to my doctor," he said, "and the doctor said I had been eating too much nitrogenous food, and must stop and eat farinaceous food. Since then I haven't been eating at all, for I don't know what either word means."

Lew Dockstader tells the following prize hard-luck tale:

"The other day on a train I made the acquaintance of a young man who seemed down on his luck, and after our acquaintanceship had developed into something approaching intimacy I ventured to inquire the cause of his deep-seated gloom.

"Well," he said, "I've been up against it for fair. Put every cent I had in the world into an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' show. Had a man named S—— as treasurer. Smart, thrifty fellow, that S——. Been out about two weeks and was over 400 bones to the good. Woke up one morning and found that S—— had sneaked with the cash. I said to myself, 'I'll catch the cuss,' so I set the bloodhounds we had in the show on his trail."

"Did they catch him?" I asked.

"Catch him? Sure they did. They caught up with him, and he put chains around their necks and started another 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' show."—From "Props," by William G. Rose.

"Did you see 'Carmen' to-night?"

"No, I didn't see any car men, but there were lots of chauffeurs there."

"Drury Underwood was in a small Montana town," says William G. Rose, "and in a conversation with the local manager of the 'op'ry' house asked how many pieces there were in the orchestra.

"We have three pieces," he replied, 'a piano, stool and cover.'"

Julia Ward Howe once told the following anecdote of Richard Mansfield: "I remember a surprise party Madame Rudersdorff gave on Richie's birthday. They were nearly all young people present excepting myself. It was not a surprise party in the ordinary sense, but you will understand when I tell you. In those days we were continually invited to meet distinguished musical artists at Madame Rudersdorff's home. She provided unsparingly as a hostess; she was really queenly in her hospitality. Hence her invitations were snapped up in every quarter. On this occasion we were invited to meet a newly arrived prima donna—I forget the name. The hostess and her distinguished guest received together. I remember her as if it were yesterday. She was youthful in appearance, uncommonly modest in demeanor. She wore a red-and-white silk dress with a prodigiously long train, and had many jewels and an abundance of thick, wavy, dark hair, which was the admiration of every one. Some of us were put to it to talk to her, for she spoke only the European languages. Naturally, there was a brave effort in some quarters, in especially high tones, for you may have noticed it that people who are unfamiliar with a language always shout it. The announcement, finally, that the great prima donna would sing produced an expectant silence. We were all struck by the phenomenal range of her voice. She seemed to be able to sing with equal facility a soft, dark contralto or a silvery soprano, capping off with an octave in falsetto. After responding to several encores, she at length astounded us all by lifting off her towering coif-



ture and announcing unaffectedly: 'I'm tired of this, mother. Let's cut the birthday cake.' It was Richie. He and his mother had conspired in the surprise party."—From "Richard Mansfield," by Paul Wilstach.



Henry Irving related the following amusing experience: "I received an unexpected blow the other day at a Highland station. The stationmaster, a most obliging and kindly gentleman, suddenly grasped my hand, exclaiming, 'Irving, man, I hope to see you some day on the same platform with Stephen Blackwood.' I confess I was taken a little by surprise, and I said, 'Well, I hope so, too.' Then I recovered my self-possession, and bethought me that Mr. Stephen Blackwood must be a popular and excellent preacher, and my conjecture was right, so in I plunged boldly. 'My friend,' said I, 'we are all on the same platform. You look after the trains and take care of the passengers, Mr. Stephen Blackwood labels them for their ultimate destination, and I do my best to amuse and entertain them upon their journey. So you see, my friend, we all do our best, and if we do strive to do our duty we work for the same end, and no one really has a monopoly.'"—From "The Life of Henry Irving," by Austin Strong.

"Pa," asked a little boy at the opera, "who is that man waving the stick?"

"That is the conductor, my son."

"Conductor!" ejaculated the little chap, "and is that fellow on the stage calling out the stations?"

J. J. Rosenthal tells of an amusing experience which he had in Denver during a matinée performance. A stout, florid woman appeared at the entrance of the house leading two boys, aged seven and nine, and presented one ticket.

"You will have to buy tickets for those boys," insisted Rosenthal.

"No, I won't," she protested; "they always go to sleep as soon as they get inside. Why should I pay for them if they don't see the show?"

Rosenthal thought of the days when his mother took him to matinées, and as the argument was one that he could not get around, he passed them in. After the first act an usher came to the manager and handed him a quarter.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"The fat lady told me to tell you one of the kids woke up."—From "Props," by William G. Rose.

Critic: You say while playing in a wild Western town your tragedian forgot his lines.

Actor: Yes; but some of the cowboys present didn't, and it was all we could do to prevent them from hanging him.

Sometimes there is a feeling expressed that the theatre managers are conscienceless, with no thought above the money paid in at the box-office windows. But there are honest managers and conscientious managers the world over. Beerbohm Tree knew one such in England. He tells of him in describing the smallest audience on record, consisting of one man. The play, nevertheless, went on in the provincial theatre where this audience was gathered. But the manager between the acts peeped out from behind the curtain and saw that the house was empty.

"Where is the audience?" he asked anxiously to the usher.

"He has gone out, sir," the usher answered.

"Will he return?" asked the manager.

"Positively. He expressed himself as well pleased with the production."

"Ah," said the manager with a look of relief, "then let the performance proceed."

"What do you think the company paid for this opera house?"

"Oh, I suppose they got it for a song."





Photo Bangs

IVY TROUTMAN

Who is now playing leading parts with the Hunter-Bradford Stock Company in Hartford, Conn.



"Mrs. Scott Siddons," says Wm. G. Rose, "was once playing Juliet at the London Haymarket Theatre. when an unrehearsed incident occurred in the last act. Paris was duly slain and Juliet lay stretched upon her bier. Just then some of the scenery caught fire, but the stage hands soon extinguished it. Juliet, with commendable presence of mind, did not move an eyelid, but the corpse of Paris was nervous. He raised himself up to a sitting posture, then got upon his feet and fled from the stage. The danger being removed, his courage returned, and the audience was afforded the pleasing spectacle of a corpse crawling along the stage from the wings to take up the proper position for the final curtain."

"I think the missus has her eye on one of those Italian counts," said Bridget.

"What makes you think so?" said Mary.

"Why, I heard her say last night that she admired Verdi."

The custom of calling an author before the curtain is an entirely modern one. The dramatic authors of ancient Greece would have considered it the height of vulgarity to appear on the stage. Æschylus stayed in his bedchamber when his great "Prometheus Bound" was being acted. The Roman dramatists, abject copiers of Greek methods, without the Greek genius, followed the same custom, and this same rule obtained on the stages of Europe throughout the Renaissance and later in France and England, throughout the earlier French drama and that of England from Marlowe and Shakespeare's time, down to the middle of the eighteenth century. Indeed, it was not until the first performance of Voltaire's tragedy of "Merope," at Paris, in the year 1743, that a playwright appeared before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience. On that occasion the demonstrations of enthusiasm from the crowded theatre reached the ears of Voltaire, who, as usual, was behind the scenes, personally directing the conduct of the play. Voltaire, who was one of the shiftiest, as well as one of the most gifted of mortals, was at that time in very bad standing with Court and Church. Suddenly bethinking himself of turning this enthusiasm for his literary genius into enthusiasm for Voltaire, the man, he hastily presented himself in a box, and thence, at the behest of clacquers, took his place in front of the curtain. The long-continued roar of applause that greeted this shrewd move struck heavy even on the deaf ears of King and Clergy. Voltaire's purpose was accomplished. Other, lesser French dramatic lights, speedily followed Voltaire's lead; and thence the custom leaped across the English Channel. To-day it is the conventional thing, if an author has received the slightest encouragement, to betake himself before the footlights.

At a recent banquet David Belasco was being congratulated on the success of his play, "The Governor's Lady," to which he responded:

"Writing plays is risky business. Past triumphs don't count. He who has written twenty superb pieces is just as likely to be damned on his twenty-first piece as any tyro. For instance:

"A playwright of my acquaintance sat in the front row on a first night of a new piece of his own. The play was a complete failure. As my friend sat, pale and sad, amid the hisses, a woman sitting behind him leaned forward and said:

"Excuse me, sir; but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of the performance, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me to return it to you."—From *Everybody's Magazine*.

It is related how the elder Wallack once played in a romantic drama in which, after taking an impassioned leave of the heroine, he leaped on a horse which stood just in the wings and dashed across the stage. Wallack objected to this nightly gallop, and it was therefore arranged that one of the supers, who closely resembled the actor, should make the ride. He was accordingly dressed exactly like Wallack and sent to the theatre to rehearse. He carried off his part well and the stage manager departed. But the super was not satisfied, and complained to a young member of the company, who happened to be present. "Why, see here," he said, "that thing is too dead easy. A man with a wooden leg could do it with his eyes shut. I used to be in a circus. Couldn't I stand up on this here equine and do a few stunts?"

"Certainly," exclaimed the other; "that would be

all right. Go ahead, no one will have anything to say."

"You think the old party wouldn't object?" said the super, doubtfully.

"Object!" returned the player. "Why, he'd be tickled to death. Do it."

That evening, when the critical point was reached, Wallack was gratified to see his counterpart standing ready beside the horse.

"Love, good night—good night," cried the hero, preparing to drop over the edge of the balcony.

"Stay!" cried the heroine, clinging around his neck. "You ride perhaps to death!"

"Nay, sweet, say not so; I ride to honor! With thoughts of thee in my heart no harm can come! Good night—good night!"

He tore himself from her frantic embrace and dropped out of sight of the audience. "Go!" he hissed to the man.

As the horse leaped forward onto the stage the fellow gave a mighty vault and alighted standing on its bare back. He threw up one foot gracefully and danced easily on the other, and just before it was too late leaped into the air, turned a somersault, landed on the horse's back, and bounded lightly to the stage.—From *Harper's Magazine*.

Apropos of the story that the late Eugene Field once criticised a performance of "Hamlet" by making the bare statement that "Mr. Blank acted Hamlet last night and acted it until 11.30 o'clock." John F. Ward tells of a similar criticism that was once given of a performance in which he figured prominently. It was in a small Western city and on account of a railroad wreck the company arrived in town very late, consequently the play went badly. So bad, indeed, was it that no conscientious critic could do else than give it a "roast." The editor of one daily paper, however, thought it unnecessary to go into details, so he simply wrote: "John F. Ward appeared at the opera house last night. The ventilation of the theatre was perfect and the orchestra rendered several pleasing airs."—From "Props," by Wm. G. Rose.

Ben Johnson tells a story concerning an English comedian who had long cherished the idea that he could play Hamlet. At last the chance came. After the performance he met a friend who was an influential critic and asked:

"How was it?"

"Do you want the truth?"

"Yes."

"It was awful."

"I am afraid you're right. I'll never attempt it again."

"But you'll have to play it once more. Your performance to-night must have made Shakespeare turn in his grave. You can't leave him lying on his stomach. Play Hamlet once more and he'll probably turn over and be comfortable again."

"I've heard of hard luck stories," said Jess Dandy, "but one a stranded actor told me last summer carries off the palm. This actor had been out with one of those barnstorming aggregations that move from town to town whenever the sheriff will let them. Salaries were long overdue, and finally in desperation he went to the manager and demanded \$25.

"Twenty-five dollars!" cried the manager, 'why, if I had \$25 I'd put out a No. 2 company."

The Common Man—"Why is it you actors wear heavily furred coats in all seasons?"

Great Actor—"The fact is, me dear fellow, my profession is the only one liable to frosts in all seasons!"—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"The most trying moment in John Drew's professional life," says Wm. G. Rose, "happened in a western town. When the curtain fell on the first act of the play there was a tremendous burst of applause. The enthusiasm was unexpected so early in the evening, but as the clapping and shouting continued, the company lined up in a gratified row and the curtain was raised, Mr. Drew in the center bowing his best. And then it was seen that the audience was not looking at the stage at all, but at a young couple that had just appeared in one of the boxes, and who also were responding with smiles and bows to the ovation. It was a sickly moment. There was nothing to do but stand there in a foolish row until the curtain finally came down again, and it seemed an eternity.





Photo Davis & Sanford

INA CLAIRE

This favorite singing comedienne, who has been appearing in "The Honeymoon Express," will be seen in London next season

How I Portray a Woman on the Stage

By JULIAN ELTINGE

WHENEVER I appear behind the footlights, either as a fascinating widow or as any other kind of woman, interviewers and women who "just want to know" invariably ask me three questions.

The first, "How much do you actually know about the gowns you wear?"

The second, "Do you leave their selection to an expert modiste or design them yourself?"

The third, the least important, "How do you gain the physical appearance of a woman?"

Usually I avoid talking on these subjects, not only because it would take too much time to go into these angles of my occupation with every questioner. Rather I avoid them, because if my interrogators could see with what pleasure I throw aside my "creations" at the end of every performance and return to man life they would realize that I was sufficiently punished for wearing such clothes without the additional ordeal of telling how I was able to wear them. You can see, then, that it is not with a purely unselfish motive that I write this. Maybe it will relieve me of the necessity of sending word to unknown callers that I am "out" and straining the capacity of my trash basket with letters full of question marks. Allow me that hope, at least.

That a knowledge of feminine dress plays an important part in my work I cannot deny. The realization of this fact came to me early, but not until after I had begun to depict girls on the stage. I found that I scarcely knew the difference between calico and satin, and it was plain to me that if I was to be a successful "woman" I must know as much about my raiment as the women know about theirs. This was far from easy, as you may imagine, but I began with the very rudiments. Giving up the stage for a time I found a position in a store which dealt in cloth and dress fabrics of all kinds. I was not a salesman, but worked in the receiving department, where there was ample chance to learn the facts I sought. To show what progress I made, the end of the first year found me doing most of the buying for the firm.

The experience gained in this way has since proved invaluable, for it gave me not only a knowledge of quality, but of values as well. And let me tell you, I have to consider the size of my bills for dress as much as any woman in moderate circumstances! But this was only one step in my education. I saw that to know textures was one thing, to match them was another. A palette full of various colors is worthless to the would-be painter if he does not know how to combine them for the best effects. To get the right idea of such combination I took up the study in oils under the guidance of a capable artist.

I went in for draperies and their treatment largely. I sought the secrets of graceful and artistic draping of forms. But besides possessing knowledge of material values, colors and contrast, there remained another problem. It was how to wear my raiment gracefully. A woman may be fitted out in a creation by Paquin or Callot, and yet all of the distinctiveness of the gown may be lost through her lack of knowledge of proper poise. Much too often one sees a beautifully attired woman standing like a soldier on parade, with every fold perpendicularly stiff and unbroken. Sometimes such a woman impresses me as a clothes-horse

upon whom a maid had hurled a dress from across the room.

From my experience, it occurs to me to say that if women would spend less time in blindly following the arbitrary commands of "fashion" and give more attention to finding out the most attractive means of draping their figures the results would be more satisfactory both to the wearer and the beholder. My advice to women on the subject of an artistic toilette is to go to the art galleries and study the arrangement of draperies in statues and painting done by the hands of the masters. They might also profit from the poise of the figures, for I will wager that not one will be found either standing like a soldier or lounging in an ungraceful position.

Another step which was difficult to master, and which, to the artist, at least, is never mastered completely, was the contrast of

color and tints. A woman may have a gown of the most costly texture, woven on the finest looms, and yet when worn the effect will be disappointing if there is not enough contrast to bring out the beauty of the materials. I would not attempt to lay down a set of rules on this point. There are no such things as rules for correct dressing. The wearer must depend upon her taste, and if that taste be bad it is well to leave the matter to the judgment of an efficient modiste and hope for the best.

All this is in answer to the question of how much I know about my gowns. Now as to the designing:

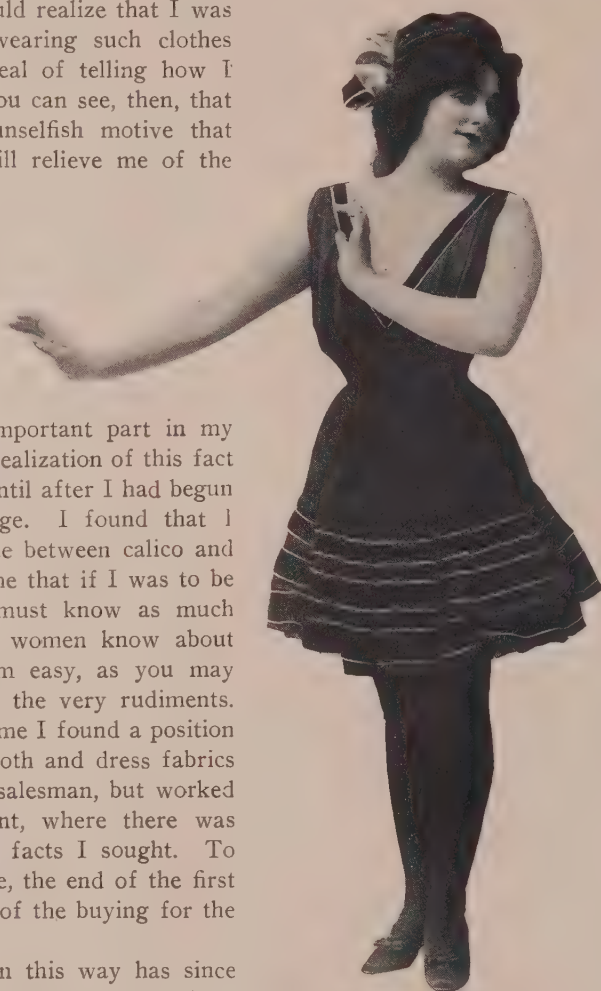
When in vaudeville, and in my appointed time playing many parts, characterizations of various types of women, from the haughty, bepowdered and beplumed dame of Colonial days to the demure damsel of the '60's and the self-sufficient girl of to-day, every detail of my costuming had to be worked out by me alone. Now, in dressing one rôle throughout an entire play it is no less necessary. I cannot go to a modiste, order "just a simple little gown," or "an elaborate one for evening wear," and leave the selection of material and design to her. Rather, I have to give personal supervision to everything—I almost said to every stitch.

First I have to bring myself to the mental attitude of the "woman" whom I am to present. What are her needs? What are her physical characteristics, her coloring, her form? Do flowing lines suit her best or the straighter ups and downs of tailored garments?

Having decided those most important questions I outline first in my mind and then on paper, indicating the chosen colors, a sketch of the gown. Then I must select the material per-

sonally, for that is a task that cannot be delegated to another with any satisfaction to myself. What I found to be the hardest part of the designing was the convincing of the costumer that I knew what I wanted better than anyone else possibly could. By this time that difficulty had been eliminated through my continual hammering at the people who make my stage clothes.

There are so many things to consider in the art—or should I say science?—of dressing that it would be difficult to enumerate them all. But take the hair, for instance. Some women imagine that because they have red hair they should wear gowns of some shade of red. This is a mistake. Red hair is so rare and so beautiful it should be accentuated by a robe of turquoise or purple or green. Then there are the eyes to consider, and the complexion. Parisiennes have a trick of inserting a dash of black velvet somewhere to bring out and emphasize the pink and white of the cheeks, arms and neck.



White JULIAN ELTINGE

In a rôle which tests his art
in physical makeup



White

CHARLOTTE WALKER

This popular actress will be seen again next season in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

I know that the greatest difficulty in my impersonation of women is in the physical make-up; to disguise myself in fine clothing is comparatively an easy matter. May I be pardoned for a touch of the personal? I am a man around the six-foot mark, and of what you might call "husky" build. My hands and feet are not at all *petite*; but when I am a "woman" they must at least appear so. Also, I must have the fresh complexion of a girl or a well-preserved woman in all my rôles. To change the characteristics of a man's face to those required by my parts is no small

The first rule is never to allow the breadth across the back of the hands to be seen, but to hold the hands so that the narrowest portion, for instance, the thumb and forefinger or little finger, will show. This aids greatly in giving the impression that the hands are long and slender, although the exact opposite may be the case.

There are artificial aids, too, which I employ in reducing my hands from man's to woman's size. The hands are powdered very white, and then the fingers from the second knuckle to the



Copyright Rogers, Dallas

FIRST ANNUAL SEASON OF GRAND OPERA AT DALLAS, TEXAS

Five thousand music-loving Texans were present at the performance by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company of "Lucia di Lammermoor." This photo was taken immediately after the singing of the famous sextette by Madame Tétrazini. The mad scene brought the immense crowd to its feet with cheering and handkerchief waving until an encore was given.

undertaking. It requires exactly one hour and a half before every performance to do it.

I begin—it seems crude to say it—I begin by shaving. After that there are a number of grease paints of varying shades of flesh color to put on, powders of different texture and color, rouge on my lips. My eyes must be "built out" to simulate the almond-shaped eyes of a girl. The lids I touch with blue grease paint, so accentuating the white of my eyes. The lashes I lengthen with black. It sounds fairly simple in the telling, but a glimpse of my dressing table with a startling array of paint sticks, powder puffs and jars of powder might disillusion you.

After my face has been made up I attend to my shoulders, neck, arms and hands. All but the hands are first treated with a white liquid of my own preparation, which is rubbed in as a foundation. Powder is then dusted over it, and the result is the brilliant white for which I strive. One other thing—on the stage I usually wear a bracelet on each arm to shorten the length of the arms. I can recommend the use of bracelets worn halfway up the forearm to any girl with thin arms, as nothing will give them such an added appearance of plumpness.

The hands are of the greatest importance in my impersonation, for they must be made to look quite feminine. While on the stage I think of them constantly, quite as much as I do of the carriage of my head, for instance. Of course, my object is to make them look small. The size of the hands can apparently be decreased by the way in which they are held, and any woman with a little practice can perfect herself in this graceful treatment.

tip are rouged very red. This gives the effect of tapering fingers, no matter how blunt and square they may actually be, and when the nails are polished the result is very good. You will see many women in Paris with their finger tips almost blood red. That is overdoing it, of course, but a little rouge used on the fingers will give a most attractive effect, as any woman will see who will try it. I also add a couple of lines in blue pencilling along the back of the hands to add to the slenderness.

If my hands must look small on the stage, my feet must appear no less so. I wish such were not the case. You see, my everyday shoe is a seven, while my costume footwear is size four and one-half. Part of the penalty for my success lies in the pinch of these shoes. I always wear satin slippers on the stage, and I advise them for every woman who wants her foot to look small and dainty. The high light on the satin seems to make the slipper look smaller than it really is. Of course, a short vamp and high heel add to the illusion.

The hair is perhaps the next question of interest to women. I am constantly on the lookout for unusual wigs, hair of an odd shade which will make my "girl" especially stunning. I have the wigs dressed at intervals by an expert hairdresser. But every day when I put them on I adjust the front hair to give a softness around the face and also at the back of the neck, where it is so important to have the hair soft and fluffy.

I think that as a general thing women do not give proper attention to their hair. They do not dress it to suit their individual faces and temperaments—a violation

(Continued on page ix)

JUDITH GAUTIER, A Chat with Judith Gautier

who wrote "The Daughter of Heaven" with Pierre Loti, never considered for a moment the possibility of her being present at the production of her play in New York. She frankly tells why: "I never travel—I loathe it. It fills me with terror. When I go only so far as Dinard I make my will and leave my house in order, because I am invariably obsessed with the impression I never will return to Paris alive. Richard Wagner was the only influence that has broken my rule in the slightest. I did go to Tribschen to see him, and it was worth while as I had a great admiration for him—that is why I wrote 'Richard Wagner at Home.'"

"You believe then in inspiration—New York is supposed to have an abundance of it," I suggested.

"I don't believe in anything that means work," she replied. "Writing is hard labor—when I have to write I feel as if I were carrying out my own death sentence."

"How did you happen to be a writer of books, plays, songs and an associate on intimate terms with the working brains of literary Europe?"

"I began young—I want to see what satisfaction and emotion came to my father in his study."

"Yet you are a sculptor, a painter, a musician, a composer," I protested.

"I admit all you say, but I do those things so I won't have to work. I mean by work, writing. Modelling, painting, putting words to music, playing on the piano are my recreation, my mental and physical dissipation; they are personal, too, and only a matter of interest or amusement to my friends and myself."

"Weren't you something of an astronomer once?" I asked.

"Something less than one. I was fascinated, when very young, by the glory of the sun, moon and stars, their mysterious existences and relationships, and thought it would be wonderful to form an intimate acquaintance with them, but in such a little while my enthusiasm waned and vanished as I found that astronomy as scientists viewed it was but mathematics, mere mathematics."

"And mathematics are——."

"A crime against the soul. This I realized when I was six years old and never outgrew the conviction. My tutor at that time gave me an endless row of figures to add one morning; the task was overwhelming, so I went out into the vegetable garden, dug up a turnip, and with a knife carved it into a lotus blossom, or what I thought resembled one."

"When my father asked to see the result of my morning occupation," she continued, "I showed him the turnip."

"It is very beautiful," I said."

The "father" Mme. Gautier referred to is easily recognized as the famous poet and romancist, Théophile Gautier.

In those days as now Mme. Gautier was always spoken of as "La Belle Judith."

"Carving turnips, however, is a long way from the 'Daughter of Heaven,'" I ventured.

"You are mistaken—it is surprisingly short. On that same day a little Chinese boy came to our door, an orphan who asked my father for any sort of employment. The lotus turnip was on his desk as my father spoke to the boy. I sat by the window. My

father looked about him hopelessly, and I never knew whether he relished the inter-

ruption of his work or the strangeness of the situation, but he turned to me and said:

"Here, Judith, take this lad and see what you can do with him."

"It was a great moment for me, something new, all my own to work on; something that wasn't in a book and didn't have to be added, subtracted, multiplied or divided. I had an exalted idea, I would solve the power that lay in the silent eyes and brains of

the youth. I would know his spirit and then, I concluded, I would know all, more than the astronomers ever could fathom. I learned the Chinese language, taking my first lesson on that afternoon. I became infatuated with the psychology of the Orient and was ever searching for revelations. From that day my absorption of the religion and poetry of the Chinese race has constantly increased up to the present moment. Its transcendent beauty and compelling charm never leave me; its history and the ages-old story of its ambitions, its richness of thought, its idealism are nearer to me than anything else in life. The young men of China to-day, as well as the old, come to Paris, the dreamers, the doers, the poets, statesmen, artists of all kinds visit me. I know the psychology of China, while Pierre Loti knows its geography, its customs, its commerce and its material values and achievements.

"A Chinese sketch of mine was running in vaudeville here and many were going to see it, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt among them. Sarah at once got the idea she must have a Chinese drama

in which she could play the part of an Empress, so she went to see Pierre Loti and asked him if he could provide her with one. He came to me with Sarah's hope and we evolved 'The Daughter of Heaven' for her. When it was finished, Sarah was not at the time desirous of putting it on, especially as it would have taken at least \$40,000 to produce it. A little later Mr. George Tyler heard of the play, read it and decided he must have it. We rebuilt parts of it under Mr. Tyler's direction and now your big theatre will see 'The Daughter of Heaven' in a magnificent way, much grander than we ever dreamed of and much better than it ever could be done in Europe."

"How could you keep from going to China?" I questioned.

"I could not know the Chinese better nor love them more than I do now. I am surrounded here by their music, their literature and religion and I am in touch continuously both personally and by correspondence with the finest of their people."

This conversation with Mme. Gautier took place in her Paris apartment in the Rue Washington. The flat is made up of little rooms, decorated and furnished with Chinese prints, draperies, ivory gods, tables, vases, chairs. There was nothing foreign to the atmosphere of the Orient save several bronze groups, designed and executed by Mme. Gautier, a grand piano which apologized for its presence by a surface display of Chinese music.

Mme. Gautier wore a white satin morning dress which came to its Chinese environment from the Rue de la Paix, and her only ornament was a jade brooch. The jade ever has been a source of sublime delight to her and it was back in 1867 she wrote her "Book of Jade," many of the poems in which have



Photo Nadar

MME. JUDITH GAUTIER

Daughter of Théophile Gautier and co-author, with Pierre Loti, of "The Daughter of Heaven"



Unity

STAFFORD PEMBERTON

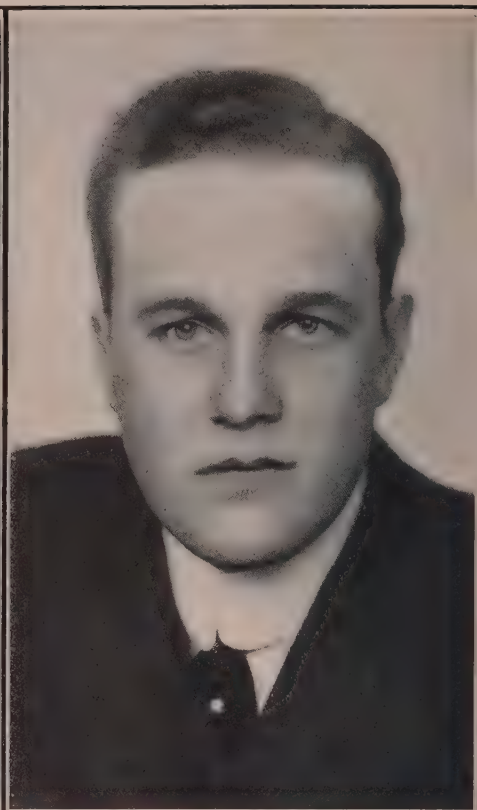
Classic dancer seen with Gertrude Hoffmann



White

EVA FALLON

Who plays Kathi in "The Purple Road"



Bangs

LE ROY CLEMENS

Seen lately in "A Man's Friends"

been set to music by the author and sung recently by Mme. Maeterlinck.

"Oh, yes, if I lived in China I could not be any nearer to its people," she proceeded, "I want to show you an exquisite greeting that reached me to-day from one of the first poets in China. I will translate into French for you and copy it—it is beautiful indeed."

Mme. Gautier did as she said she would and carefully prepared an accurate reproduction, or rather translation of the original. She deciphered the laundry marks and scratches easily, one might even add rapturously, with the following result:

"Strophes
par *Lon—Tsine—Haue*
pour Madame Judith Gautier

... En occident, tous prétendent que la Chine est sans force, que la civilisation a comme sombré dans la mer. . . . Dix mille ans d'existence ne pourraient me donner une joie égale à celle que j'éprouve de vous savoir d'un autre avis. . . ."

Mme. Gautier naturally is not renowned solely for her Chinese accomplishments and pursuits. Her salon is frequented by the aristocrats of birth and brains, those who admire her because she is the daughter of Théophile Gautier, those who find an endless fascination in her books, those who delight in and appreciate her keen wit, abundant humor, wholesome understanding, genuine sympathy, her ecstatic imagination. She is the only member of her sex who has been admitted to the Academy of Goncourt. She is also foremost in a club for women authors and dramatists, the playwrights of which produce monthly one play of a member's composition, at the said author's own expense, which is attended by all other members who pay generously for the privilege. With the proceeds a book is published which has been written by a club member who has not funds sufficient to provide for its publication otherwise.

Mme. Gautier rarely goes to the theatre. Why? She is perfectly willing to answer thus:

"Because of the sickening and tiresome plots that make French plays, rarely built around any theme other than the breaking of

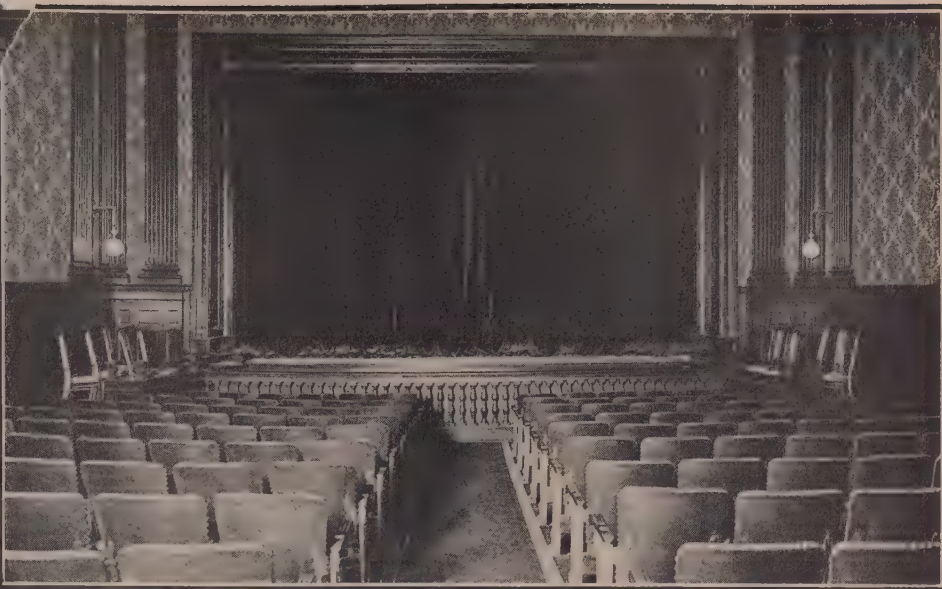
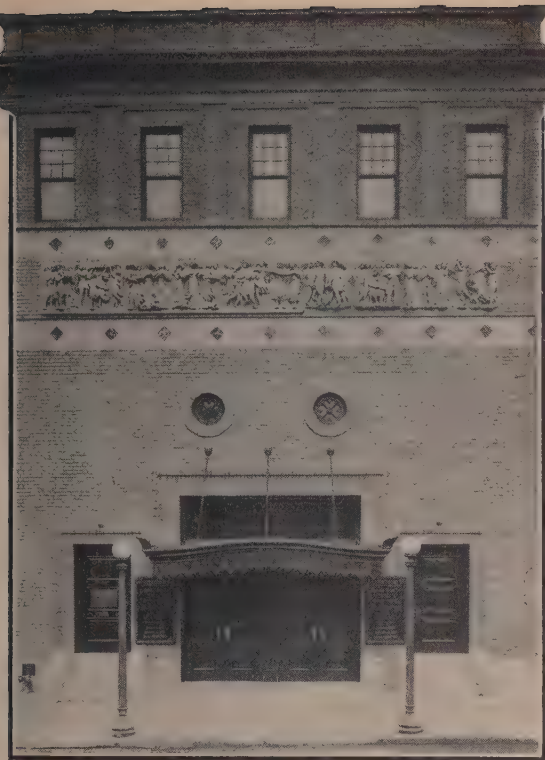
a certain commandment. I prefer talking with my friends or reading, at least in so doing I am not wasting my time. I read all the books that are translated into French, but I never have felt so comfortable with any language I have acquired as I have with the Chinese. Languages interest me somewhat, but they demand too much concentration, and as I have told you, I am opposed to working. Writing became a habit before I comprehended the troubles it was laying up for me, the minutes of toil."

"How did it start and obtain such a hold on your time?" I asked.

"When I was thirteen, too young to know the consequences or penalty of violent endeavor, about the period I think when I was satisfied that as an astronomer I never would be able to give the world anything it cared to listen to, and couldn't even amuse myself in the process, I developed a certainty that the story of the creation of the world was all wrong, that it could not have been accomplished in six days. It kept me awake night after night and I felt a personal responsibility toward humanity, which tortured me until I finally had to give expression, in the hope of relieving mankind of the illusion. I wrote down my conclusions and showed them first to my father, then to his friends, thinking that when they were enlightened the information would spread until the whole world should know it had been imposed upon. Through a friend of my father's the article was published. Great religious excitement ensued. One of the best known of the clergy announced that on the next Sunday he would preach against the author of the blasphemous assertion, before the morning sermon. He was restrained from doing so only after he had been told that his antagonist in the argument was merely a thirteen-year-old girl.

"One of my pleasantest memories," she went on after two pauses or so, "is centred on an article I wrote, oh, very long ago, on the works of Edgar Allan Poe, which was published in the official organ of the Empire. Beaudelaire, who translated Poe's works into French, was charmed with it and sent me a delightful letter, which is one of my choicest possessions."

There is nothing in Mme. Gautier indicative of the feminine unrest or awakening which is manifesting itself all over the world, China included. A suffragist? (Continued on page ix)



INTERIOR OF THE LITTLE THEATRE

Philadelphia's Little Theatre

THE LITTLE THEATRE of Philadelphia is an evolution. The latest addition to the first-class places of amusement in the Quaker City is the visible sign of a restless spirit that since childhood impelled Beulah E. Jay to devote herself to mimetic art.

Mrs. Jay was born in Boston, and for some time studied for a grand opera career in the New England Conservatory of Music. Later she went from Boston to New York to study acting in dramatic schools. It was her secret ambition even in those early days to be the owner and manager of a theatre. With a firm belief in her destiny, she played in various professional companies and then—married. Her husband, Edward G. Jay, Jr., a mechanical engineer, decided that matrimony should not swerve a wife from her ideals, and before long Mrs. Jay started a dramatic school in Philadelphia. The necessity arose for suitable quarters for the pupils, and the thought was conceived of a building with a small theatre. The acquaintance of F. H. Shelton, a retired Philadelphian, brought a new idea, and The Little Theatre, destined to be a serious professional undertaking, was evolved.

Mr. Shelton insisted that he should be permitted to share the responsibilities of the new playhouse. In association with the Plays and Players, an amateur theatrical body of Philadelphia, he had been doing much to foster the better things of the stage and in a dwelling adjoining his own residence he had established a miniature playhouse—known as the Theatre Helene—solely for the use of his friends. The Theatre Helene had a seating capacity of sixty and was built to provide a place for the presentation of plays for the delectation of Mr. Shelton's daughter, Helene.

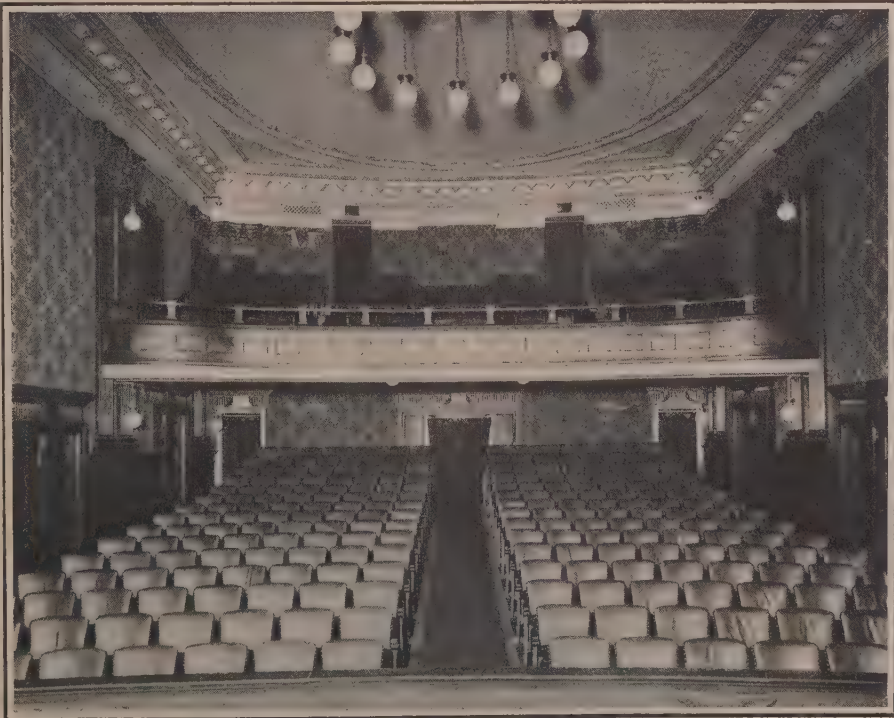
The Little Theatre is perhaps unique in that it has no subven-

tion. There is no guaranty list, no group of subscribers, no exclusive clientèle. The desire is to appeal to the entire theatre-going public, but with worthy plays, as entertaining as possible, not profound necessarily, but of such calibre that there will be mental stimulation and an appeal to the sense of the artistic. Every detail in the construction had the most careful scrutiny of the three originators of the project. The theatre occupies a plot of ground in a side street of the fashionable section. Yet the new playhouse is not inaccessible. The building is attractive and impressive in spite of surroundings. There are seats for 328 persons, with eighty of these reserved places in the balcony and two boxes at the proscenium arch.

The planning of the building was undertaken by Amos Barnes, who designed the Forest Theatre, Philadelphia's finest playhouse. All the decorations were planned and selected by Mrs. Jay, and she furthermore installed in the Lounge in the basement, where refreshments are served free, a gallery of etchings relating to players and theatricals generally. The result has been the creation of a place of amusement that has won the admiration of every visitor. The stage has the most modern equipment in every way and the engineering ability of Mr. Shelton, as well as of Mr. Jay, made possible the introduction of some modern appliances not to be found on many stages.

The management selected as the opening attraction a comedy of anonymous authorship. Much mystery surrounds the piece, entitled "The Adventures of Chlora." The play was sent to the theatre with the stipulation that the name of the author should not be known. The audience at the first performance on the night of March 3d, when the theatre opened, confirmed the judgment of the management by liberal applause. Oza Waldrop, who made a success in "Speed," was a charm-

(Continued on page vii)



AUDITORIUM SEEN FROM THE STAGE

THROUGHOUT the dark ages when Indian jugglers plied their trade, down to the present time, the raising of animate or inanimate bodies and their suspension in mid-air without visible means of support, has always excited the greatest curiosity and amazement.

Stage Illusions in Levitation

BY W. H. RADCLIFFE

upon it; this part comes directly below the right armpit. The right end of *h* is welded into a semi-



Fig. 1. Anti-gravity suspension of a living woman. Levitation trick originated by Indian jugglers and modernized by twentieth century magicians

brought forward and asked to inhale a peculiar kind of anæsthetic contained in a bottle. In the meanwhile, a bench about five feet in length, two feet in width, and standing about six inches above the floor, is brought in and shown to be entirely independent of the floor or of any part of the stage. A small stool is placed upon the bench and the young lady mounts the stool and extends her arms. Under each arm is placed a stout pole which reaches to the bench. The performer makes pretended mesmeric passes over her, and in a few minutes her head drops, her eyes close, and she apparently succumbs to a mesmeric sleep. The stool is then taken away and she remains supported by the two poles.

The operator now makes more passes over her and then removes the pole from under her left arm, gently mesmerizing the arm down to the side. The girl now hangs motionless with no other support than the single upright pole under her right arm. Bending her right arm so as to support her head, the performer next lifts her gently so that her body forms an angle of about 45 degrees with the pole. She is left in this position for a minute or two and then raised to a horizontal position as shown in Fig. 1.

Under the influence of the anæsthetic and the mesmeric passes, the body has apparently lost its weight and reclines horizontally in mid-air, with no other support than that afforded by the upright pole under her right arm.

The key to the mystery, of course, lies in the pole, which is made either of iron throughout, or of wood with a strong iron core. Its lower end fits into a socket in the bench and its upper end is hollowed out for about an inch in depth to receive the apparatus shown in Fig. 2.

Referring to Fig. 2, *a* is an iron girdle which passes nearly around the girl's waist and is strapped on by the leather band *b*. Fastened to the girdle is the iron rod *c* which extends from the armpit to the knee of the girl. The lower part of the rod is strapped to her right leg by the leather band and the joint *e* at her hip, working backwards, enables her to bend her thigh so as to walk naturally. The iron strip *f*, fastened at one end to *a*, passes between her legs and the other end is strapped to the front of the girdle. The strap *g* passes over her left shoulder to prevent the apparatus from slipping downwards.

A short flat piece of iron, *h*, is pivoted to the upper end of *c* so as to work freely

circular ratchet with two notches, and into these a check, *i*, running along the rod *c*, is pressed by the spring *j*. If the rod *c* be moved outward and upward with respect to *h*, the spring *j* will force the check *i* first into the lower notch so as to hold the rod in a slanting position. Moving the rod *c* still further upward, the check *i* will finally be forced into the upper notch so as to hold the rod horizontally, or in line with *h*. By pressing down the hook *k*, however, the check *i* is withdrawn from the notch and the rod *c* is free to return to its downward position.

At the left end of the iron piece *h* is a projecting plug *l*, which fits into the hollowed out end of the pole *m*, placed under the right arm of the girl. As all the apparatus shown in Fig. 2, except the pole, is worn by the young lady underneath her outer garments, there must be an opening in the underpart of her right sleeve for the passage of the plug *l*.

The trick is operated as follows: When the young lady mounts the stool and extends her arms the performer, in adjusting the poles beneath them places the lower end of the prepared pole into the socket in the bench and guides the plug *l* into the hollowed-out end at the top. When the stool and the unprepared pole are removed, the girl appears to be resting upon the top of the remaining pole but, in reality, is comfortably seated in her iron cage which is carefully padded so as to give her no discomfort.

Her left arm and leg, being free, may be placed in any position the performer chooses. When he lifts her into a slanting posture the check *i* slips into the first notch of the ratchet as previously explained and holds her in this position. After a short interval he lifts her into a horizontal position, and the check slips into the second notch of the ratchet, holding her apparently asleep in an invisible aerial couch.

After allowing her body to remain in this position for a few moments the performer, continuing his mesmeric passes with one hand, places the other hand under her and draws down the hook *k*, which releases the check and allows the body to descend to an upright position. The performer guides the body downward so that it drops gradually until the feet rest upon the stool which has again been placed upon the bench to receive them.

The second rod is then placed under her left arm, and after the performer apparently demesmerizes her by making passes over her body in the reverse direction from before, she gradually assumes that bewildered and half-scared expression of one newly awakened from a trance. Raising on her feet so as to disengage the plug from the hollowed-out end of the right-hand rod, she steps down from the stool, smiles, and makes her final bow to the audience.

The writer witnessed an excellent modification of this trick last summer, in which the two upright rods were replaced by an ordinary broom. This was used, sweeping and upwards, as a right-arm support for the girl who, after being raised as previously described, peacefully reclined in a horizontal position upon the ends of the splints. Extending through the handle of the broom and up to within an inch of the top of the

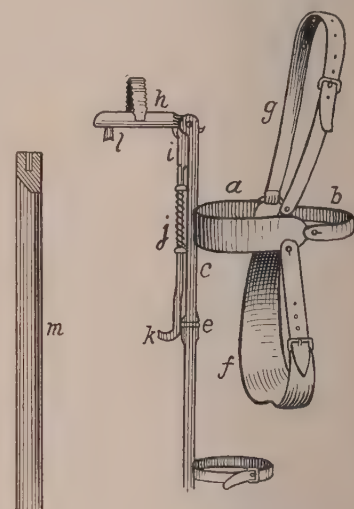


Fig. 2. Prepared pole and harness used in the levitation trick shown in Fig. 1

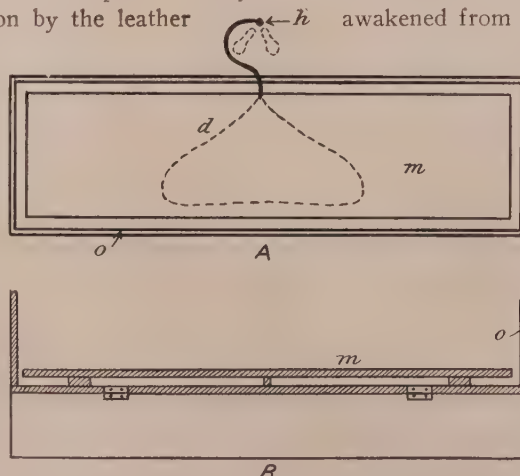


Fig. 3. Plan and elevation of the coffin-like couch used in one of the more recent stage illusions in levitation



splints, was the iron rod, hollowed out at the end to receive the projecting plug of the harness strapped around the girl's body.

Delving still further into the realms of levitation, the reader will find in the illusion about to be described an exceptionally ingenious arrangement of apparatus that was successfully exhibited a few years ago throughout this country and Europe.

As in the previous illusion, a young woman is introduced to the audience and apparently mesmerized by the performer. In the meanwhile a coffin-like couch with hinged sides is placed on the centre of the stage, the sides opened, and the young woman, now apparently in a trance, laid upon it.

The sides of the couch are again closed, and the performer, standing behind, makes passes with his hands over the girl's body, whereupon it slowly rises before him, maintaining a horizontal position at full length. When four or five feet above the floor, the upward movement of the body ceases and the young woman apparently rests unsupported in the air, about on a level with the performer's shoulders.

To assure the audience there is no means of support, the performer moves a large wooden hoop above and below the motionless body of the young woman and then draws it entirely over her body lengthwise, repeating the operation several times. He then rolls the hoop to the audience for examination.

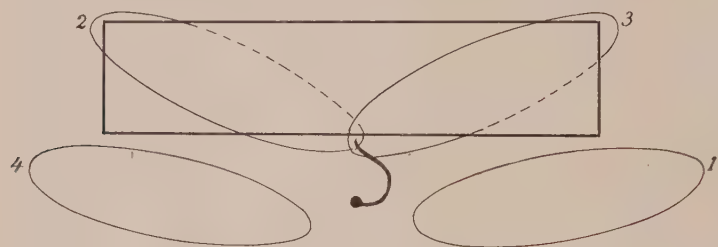


Fig. 5. A hoop passed over a supported body in the order indicated by the numbers gives an impression that the body is floating free in mid-air

Now, reversing his mesmeric passes over the body, the performer apparently causes it to descend until the young woman again rests upon the couch. He then apparently breaks the spell and, assisting the subject to her feet, presents her to the audience.

Looking down upon the couch and apparatus required for this illusion, one sees as at *A* in Fig. 3, the couch at *o*, and a separate inner rest *m*, to which is securely fastened underneath an iron rod *d*. This rod extends back from the couch in a horizontal direction and is curved in order to encircle half of the performer's body as he stands directly behind the couch. Into the end of this curved horizontal rod *d* fits the vertical rod *h*, shown in elevation in Fig. 4, which runs up through the stage floor *s*. The lower end of the vertical rod is grooved to engage with a toothed wheel *w*, which in turn engages a larger toothed wheel *u* so that when *u* is turned by means of its crank handle, it moves the iron rod *h* up or down, carrying with it the inner rest *m* of the couch *o*. Two toothed wheels, *u* and *w*, are used instead of one, to make the lifting of the load easier and more uniform.

When the couch is brought on the stage care is taken to place it so that the end of the curved rod *d* comes directly over the hole in the floor. After the hinged sides of the couch are let down, as shown at *B*, Fig. 3, the rod *h* is raised slightly from beneath the stage to fit into the end of *d*, and the apparatus is then ready for operation.

The performer carefully places himself so that his feet occupy the dotted positions shown at the top of *A* in Fig. 3. This allows the rod *h* to come up directly behind him and, together with the curved part *d*, to pass between his body and his outer coat, which

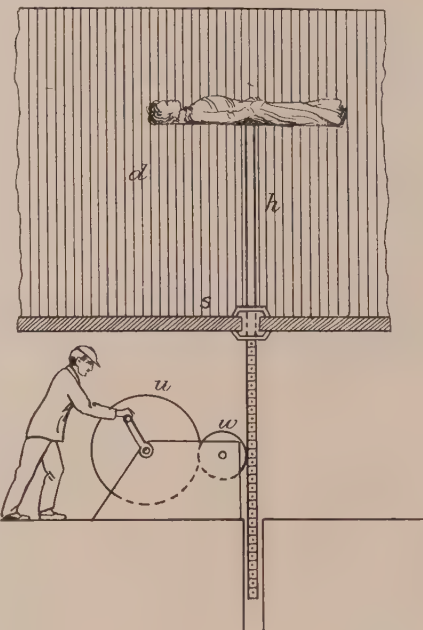


Fig. 4. In many stage illusions in levitation the elevating apparatus employed is constructed along the lines shown here

should be a long, loose-fitting frock. The young woman's body, as it is raised from the couch, being always in the same plane with the horizontal rod, and the performer's body being always in front of the vertical rod, no part of the elevating apparatus can be seen by the audience.

The hoop used by the performer to prove the absence of supports about the young woman's body is a solid wooden one, and the desired impression is made upon the audience by a clever method of handling it. Moving it above and below the body is of course a simple operation which requires no explanation. To show how it is passed over the body lengthwise, reference will be made to Fig. 5 where the direction of travel of the hoop is illustrated. Position 1 shows it just before being passed over the head of the subject; position 2 shows it a little later, passing over the feet of the subject; position 3 shows how the hoop is reversed, that part of it which formerly was on the performer's side of the subject now being on the audience

side; position 4 shows how the hoop may then be drawn clear of the subject from the opposite end to which it was passed on.

From the audience room the illusion is practically perfect, the hoop apparently being drawn twice over the body from head to foot, making it appear free from all suspension. This, together with the privilege afforded the spectators of carefully examining the hoop, makes a lasting impression upon the audience.

There are, however, several objections to the method employed of executing this trick. The performer must remain in a central position with respect to the rising body throughout the important part of the trick, rendering its presentation rather stiff and formal, the body can be elevated only a few feet above the floor on account of the limitation imposed by the height of the performer, and the hoop, in order to span the distance from the central iron rod to the furthestmost parts of the subject, must be inconveniently large.

Certain modifications have therefore been introduced to make the illusion still more realistic and easy of presentation. The vertical iron rod that comes up through the floor is colored the same as the stage curtain in the rear. A dark brown is the color generally selected for the rod and for the background of the curtain, the latter being usually interposed with narrow vertical stripes of black as shown at *d*, Fig. 4, to divide it into vertical brown bars of about the same width as the rod. The object of this is, of course, to render the iron rod indistinguishable from the curtain as the rod rises above the floor, so that the performer need not remain in one position in front of the rod, and the height to which the body can be raised may be increased.

Another method of rendering the vertical support invisible is to employ a three-sided polished steel rod, one side to the rear and the other two sides meeting directly in front. Curtains

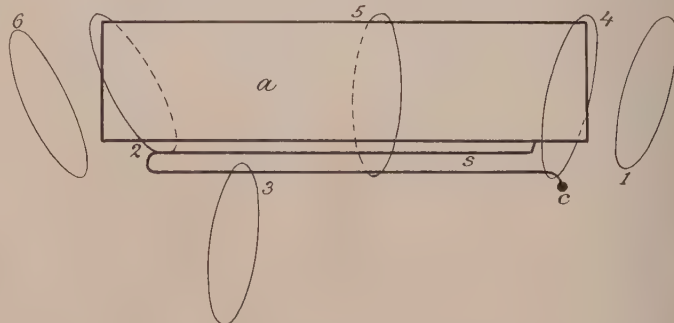


Fig. 6. An improved modification of the hoop test shown in Fig. 5, which apparently proves conclusively the absence of all supports about a levitated body similar to the one at the rear of the stage are hung behind the wings, one on each side of the

(Continued on page vi)

WHEN you feel a rôle with every inch of you, and you struggle

The Art of Olive Fremstad

and strain to work it out on the stage so that you others in the audience may feel it, too—I tell you it's like a Golgotha!"

It was Olive Fremstad, the dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, who spoke.

She did not exaggerate her difficulties. It is a struggle for one not naturally articulate, for one who belongs to the listeners of the world, even among the dreamers, perhaps, to force her visions on the public. In one way only can she do it—by absolute absorption in her rôle—and those who have seen her art, as it were in the making, stand back almost awed when this woman—Olive Fremstad no longer, but an incarnate Isolde or Brünnhilde, Elsa or Kundry—passes by. She is like a seer whose vision is outspread before her. Such utter immolation of herself on her rôles brings its reward in some of the most realistic portrayals given on our operatic stage—one might, indeed, say on any stage.

As Brünnhilde in "Siegfried," all the majesty and freedom of the demigoddess characterize her awakening. She has no eyes for Siegfried, yet—no thought save for the nature about her. An elemental force herself, she raises herself on her couch; and her *Heil dir, Sonne!* is as though one planet called to another across the void. Life speaks to her; no one living. Very slowly, the presence of Siegfried makes itself felt. Then, with every delicate touch the intellect can suggest, Mme. Fremstad paints for us the lure of the man for the woman—newborn. Comes the crucial struggle then between the woman who loves and the goddess who would be free. With her eyes, her gestures, her whole body showing the trance of love into which she is plunged, she would yet repulse the hero—if she could. The exquisite tenderness of her surrender cannot be painted. Eighteen minutes of Olive Fremstad's presence on the stage suffice for the illumination of Wagner's dream as one sees it not elsewhere—the dream of the goddess who lost herself to find herself anew.

Elisabeth, on the contrary, as Mme. Fremstad shows her to us, is scarcely a woman at all. She is a saint, a dreamer. Things of earth touch her lightly and go by. A duty speaks to her—how exquisite her hastening forward to receive the aged among her guests!—but a wish of her own says nothing. To such a one it seems not strange that a man should journey hundreds of miles to do a penance and regain his soul's peace. Even when, with the

heaven than for any man's love. The most exquisite flowers fade quickest in the clasp of a warm hand.

Sieglinde has been described as "an ungrateful rôle"—"the colorless twin sister of Siegmund"—"the unimportant part of Hunding's faithless wife." No such descriptions belong to the rôle properly interpreted, and no such words could be applied to Olive Fremstad's characterization. Her Sieglinde pulses with life, sympathy, tenderness; all repressed by Hunding. Very lovely is the womanly gentleness with which she ministers to her strange guest, the dignity with which she fulfils a housewife's

duties toward both the men. When Siegmund tells his story at table, Mme. Fremstad's facial expression is a wonderful study in itself. She has half risen from her seat, forgetting everything but the storyteller, only to be recalled to herself by Hunding's brutal insinuation, "Too late returned I to my home." And what heartbreak she later sings into the lines recounting her miserable wedding, "Sorrowful I sat, while they drank all around me!" In the passionate love duet the joy of the primitive woman, finding her true mate, expresses itself in every line of her body, every note of her voice.

Sieglinde has a hard task in the second act—not to rant a little—and most singers succumb to the difficulty. Mme. Fremstad, however, succeeds wonderfully in expressing utter, distracted misery and remorse without one note of exaggeration; though her cries of fright on awakening quite alone are real shrieks of terror. Later, when weary, exhaust-

ed and despairing she stands later among the Valkyries, listening apathetically to Brünnhilde's excited story, she holds every eye. Here Mme. Fremstad shows the power, possessed by a few very great actors, to remain silent, motionless, without any apparent attempt to gain attention, yet withal concentrating the mind of the audience on herself. It is hard to explain this peculiar ability, except by the well-worn phrase, "The power of personality." Sarah Bernhardt has it; Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield had it; Mary Garden has it; and Olive Fremstad possesses it in an unusual degree.

Her conception of Brünnhilde in "The Götterdämmerung" is more as goddess than as woman, almost throughout. Over-shadowed from the beginning by the slowly advancing gloom of Fate, the figure of Brünnhilde, thus painted, stands out sharply



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OLIVE FREMSTAD AS TOSCA



Photos Strauss-Peyton

Eleanor Henry

Hazel Cox

TWO ATTRACTIVE ACTRESSES WHO ARE TO BE SEEN IN BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS NEXT SEASON

against her sombre background. When she urges Siegfried off to new deeds of valor, or refuses with scorn Waltraute's demand for the ring, she is less woman than goddess. Beaten, cowed, defeated by the disguised hero, it is for a short time only that she becomes weak woman. The realizing of Siegfried's treachery gives her back her strength. Though she has been conquered, it is by the one human being predestined to vanquish her—back of him lies the inexorable Fate typified by the ring—and that knowledge, though it may tear her heart, takes from her both shame and weakness. She becomes an avenging Fury. When Olive Fremstad slips from the group, to crouch outside listening, only to force her way back and swear her oath of vengeance on the spear, she is an embodied Fate. Her eyes are half shut, snakelike, glittering, as she later utters the words that seal his fate, but she is much more than a tricked, revengeful woman—she is the final instrument of doom.

In the death scene Mme. Fremstad rises to perhaps the greatest emotional height of her career. Her Brünnhilde is no longer the incarnate will of the gods; she is the woman possessed by a supreme despair that outweighs grief. "He was the truest of men, yet he forsook me"—there lies the sting. Here are no tears, no shrieks for that sorrow; the losses of death are nothing compared to the losses of life. Indeed, death means reunion and understanding. So she calmly makes ready for that meeting, and her *Joyously Greets Thee Thy Bride* carries a promise with it that lifts a load from the heart. It is in this scene, too, that Mme. Fremstad perhaps touches her greatest height artistically. Her voice is so exquisitely modulated in its sadness, her despair so engrossing in its detailed portrayal, her gestures so perfect in their grace—it seems impossible to depict with greater realism or with more charm the heartbreak and the joy of Wotan's daughter.

In *Isolde*, Mme. Fremstad lets us see always the queen equally with the loving woman. It is true the Irish princess, as she portrays her, is one who drinks deep of the bitter-sweet waters of love; but she is also the woman who feels herself superior by rank, to convention, as well as lifted by passion above its dictates. Hence her withering irony in the first act—the superb rage possessing her that she, *Isolde*, should be disdained not alone by this *Tristan*, but by any man living. So to the final, most wonderful *Liebestod* she comes with head erect and unfearing. Life's obstacles have only existed for her to beat them down, and Death himself shall not stand between her and her love. Mme. Frem-

stad's voice is never colored better than when she sings *Isolde*. The sensuous sweetness of it in the softer passages, the brilliancy and power of her high notes, would alone, even if not joined to her splendid acting, rank this among her greatest rôles.

Kundry, she says herself, is "terrific." It would seem impossible to set an artist a much greater task than Wagner has presented in the part of Kundry, with its strange transformations from wildness to charm, from seductiveness to penitence, with the fearful wrestlings of that double nature. But Mme. Fremstad fails her audience in no way. Vocally and dramatically, her Kundry ranks with her Brünnhilde and her *Isolde*. She is a strange, weird figure in her first appearance. Indeed, in her colloquy with Klingsor she is more than weird, she is grewsome. Her seductiveness as the tempter is perfect. But it is as the heartbroken penitent that she will live longest in the memory, and it is interesting to recollect that in the entire act she may use her beautiful voice in the singing of but two words. It is a wonderful achievement that, under these circumstances, given up as she is to the sway of her emotions, she can yet succeed in making these same emotions utterly possess her audience.

Nor has this remarkable artist confined herself to impersonating the heroines of German opera. Her *Carmen*, her solitary performance of *Salome*, her *Tosca*, are all noteworthy; and it is to be regretted that New York has not been given her *Marguerite*. A safe prophecy might be made that it would be distinctly worth while.

Perhaps the most frequently heard comment on Olive Fremstad's work is, how much her characterizations have grown since her first appearances. One hears how incomparably finer her Brünnhilde is in the last two years; how her *Isolde* reaches greater heights; how even her wonderful Kundry improves with time. The same comment can be made upon her singing, pure and simple. In every way it is finer as time goes on. In no derogatory sense, however, are these comments critical of Mme. Fremstad's work. Nay, more; they are the very highest praise. We are too sadly familiar with the artists who create a part well and then never appreciably vary it from the first performance because, forsooth, that performance brought them success. It is a privilege to study the career of one who takes us with her as she grows, from triumph to triumph, and who yet preserves that beautiful modesty which is so becoming an adjunct to artistic greatness.

CLARE P. PEELER,



Matzene

LAURETTE TAYLOR

This popular actress is now appearing in J. Hartley Munnings' comedy "Peg o' My Heart," at the Cort

Notable Stage Figures of the Sixties and Seventies

IN the decade from 1866 to 1876, New York playgoers were privileged to enjoy in their prime the art of the greatest players of the nineteenth century. These were in most instances foreign artists, but they were seen at this period truly at their best, and, being supported by actors from their native lands, their stage presentations were in striking contrast with the polyglot performances which characterized their later American tours.

The first to come hither was that sublime tragedienne, then recognized as the absolute leader of the Italian stage, Adelaide Ristori, who made her American début in September, 1866, as Medea. Ristori's advent here was preceded by a campaign of publicity that has had no parallel in modern times. Jacob Grau (an uncle of the writer) was the impresario to tempt fate by investing a fortune in an undertaking so unprecedented and unconventional that there were few indeed who did not predict disaster. Yet in the forty-five years that have passed since Ristori's début there has been nothing to compare with the results attending her first visit, both from artistic and financial viewpoints.

Words really fail the writer in any effort to convey to the reader of this period with what acclaim the great Italian actress was received. My uncle had been burned out at the old Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street, where he had been giving grand opera with La-grange as the star. His contract with Ristori called for an advance outlay of nearly \$50,000, something so far beyond all precedent then that he decided to place the scale of prices for seats to see Ristori at the highest figures ever charged for a dramatic performance. The majority of the seats were \$3.00 each, the lowest price of admission being \$1.00. Excitement was at such a pitch when the advance sale opened that it was necessary to call out the police reserves to enforce order. The line began to form at 4 P.M. the day before. More than two hundred persons, including many women, remained in line all night. The spectacle of West Fourteenth Street lined with prospective seat holders, eating their meals seated on camp stools was truly inspiring. By nine o'clock the next morning, when the box office opened, there were two thousand persons congregated about the theatre. The society women of New York were not too proud to stand in line. A mob of five hundred messenger boys stormed the box office. At noon every seat and box was sold for Ristori's first week. Madame appeared but four times a week. The ticket speculators reaped such a harvest that they did not have to stand in front of the theatre to dispose of their seats, but would locate themselves at the end of the line (which was not broken for two days).

The New York *Herald* had as many as thirty advertisements in one issue, inserted by disappointed patrons, offering fabulous prices for seats. The late Joseph Seagrist, then the most prominent ticket speculator, demanded and was willingly paid \$50 a pair for seats for the first night of "Medea," while for the

first Ristori matinée \$5.00 was paid for standing room.

When Ristori made her entrance the audience rose to greet her. Her own countrymen, unable to gain entrance to the playhouse, stampeded the sidewalks both in front and in the rear of the theatre, remaining there until the performance ended, and when the great actress made her exit from the stage door a number of the most enthusiastic unhitched the horses from her carriage and in triumph led their illustrious countrywoman to the Everett House, where later in the night—or midnight, rather—Ristori was serenaded and forced to make a speech.

Ristori's repertoire consisted besides Medea, of Deborah, Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette and Adrienne Lecouvreur. Of these, Marie Antoinette was the most potent, though in truth Madame did not face an empty seat at any performance the season of 1866-67. Jacob Grau made a profit of \$150,000 on that one season and Ristori as much more. As an illustration of the interest in this notable tournée it should be stated that the profits from the sale of librettos alone were in excess of \$500 a week. The late Maurice Grau was a libretto boy in Knickerbockers, little dreaming that he was destined to be the one to direct Ristori's tours in later years. At least one of the Frohmans was among the coterie of libretto boys at this time, and nearly all became prominent in the business department of the theatre in after years.

At the time of her American début Ristori was about forty years of age. Her classical features and her majestic appearance caused many writers to proclaim her "as the handsomest middle-aged actress of her day."

My uncle was bent upon following Ristori with some other great exponent of tragedy. He scoured the European continent from one end to the other. Salvini and Rossi had not yet achieved fame in their native land. Sarah Bernhardt was unknown. Germany possessed the two only worthy confrères of Ristori in Hedwig Raabe (who was the wife of Niemann, the tenor,

and Marie Seebach, and it was the last named that Jacob Grau had induced to visit these shores to stand the test of comparison with her Italian sister in art.

Marie Seebach came over in 1868, making her début in the very same theatre on West Fourteenth Street (this playhouse still stands and is now a moving picture theatre) as Mary Stuart. Her repertoire, too, was identical with that of Ristori, save that the German actress was more versatile, scoring heavily in such lighter works as "Losle" (Fanchon) and "Jane Eyre."

The best that may be said of the tournée of Seebach, looking back, is that she scored a *succès d'estime*. The profits were about \$10,000 for the entire season. The public had not yet recovered from the Ristori excitement, and Seebach suffered naturally, though under the best conditions she would but have duplicated the amazing success of the former, and yet there are no Marie Seebachs to-day. One can only conjecture as to what measure of approval would

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HOW ITALY HONORS HER PLAYERS

Model which won the prize in the competition for the monument of Adelaide Ristori, the great Italian tragedienne, to be erected in her native town, Cividale. The sculptor is Signor Antonio Maraini, of Rome

Comic Opera Old Timers

COMIC opera at ten, twenty and thirty cents admission was a popular entertainment "on the road" a quarter of a century ago. Gilbert and Sullivan, Audran, Lecocq and Planquette, were thus made familiar to many rural communities where the higher-priced lyrical organizations seldom or never went. "Ten-twenty-thirty" opera may come into being again. The successful revival in the last year or two of "The Mikado," "Patience" and "Pinafore"—a success that grows bigger as it goes on—indicates that there is still a public for the kind of offering it is the custom to call old-fashioned. Should the demand for light opera of former days become general, many companies to present it at "popular prices" are sure to be organized.

It is only to be hoped they will contain as good actors and singers as belonged to those touring the country in the eighties and early nineties. Who were these good performers? Well, there was Charles A. Bigelow for one. Up to his death a few months ago, he was known as a star comedian whose very personality on the stage was hopelessly comic. It was impossible to associate such a face as his with romance. Yet, when as a youth barely out of his 'teens, he played the Duke in "Patience." In the red uniform of a British guardsman, with helmet and plume, he was as handsome a fellow as ever won the heart of a matinée maid. Incidentally he showed himself, even in those early days, to possess the true histrionic instinct, and was always a convincing actor. His voice, a sweet and powerful tenor, did full justice to Sullivan's somewhat tricky music. Other parts in which he always won high praise were the Mikado, Sir Joseph Porter, Rocco in "The Mascot," and Captain de Merrimac in "Olivette," a baritone rôle, by the way, but in which Bigelow was at his best.

Then there was Frank Deshon, as popular to-day in the two-dollar theatres of large cities as he used to be in the low-priced opera circuit in the far-off times we are recalling. The Deshon Opera Company, of which he was leading comedian, was known from coast to coast. His Koko, Lorenzo in "The Mascot," Bunthorne, Dick Deadeye and Coquelicot, were all excruciatingly funny. But the character in which he won his highest commendation, and which he best liked to play, was Gaspard, the miser, in "The Chimes of Normandy." In this tragic rôle he was compared favorably by the critics with J. G. Peakes, the famous Gaspard of that period.

Mr. Deshon has retained his youthful figure and appearance (he is one of those fortunate persons like John Drew, Dixey, and Lillian Russell, who will never be old), and he relates an amusing story on himself in this connection. Lighting arrangements in theatres were not as good a score of years ago as they are now. So when he wanted a "spot-light" for his big scene in "The Chimes," when Gaspard is gloating over his bags of gold in the haunted château of Corneville, he used to give the house property man a couple of dollars to get a locomotive headlight and place it in the wings. The result was fairly satisfactory, although it may not have made as good a "moon effect" as is demanded nowadays. Stage hands all over the country got to know a headlight must be got for this scene, and that it was worth two dollars to "Props."

Not long ago Deshon toured in a special season of light opera, with "The Chimes" as the principal feature. Although stage equipment is better than it used to be, he struck one theatre where the electric "spot" was not clear and steady, and after the performance he complained to the electrician. That worthy was a gruff, outspoken individual. He looked at Deshon for a moment in disdain. Then he broke out:

"What are you kicking about—a kid like you? Why, I knew your father twenty-five years ago—a better Gaspard than you'll ever be—and, by heck! he was satisfied with a locomotive headlight thrown on him for the château scene. He'd have dropped



White

Janet Beecher as Empress Josephine in "The Purple Road"

dead with delight if he could have got an electric spot like I give you to-night."

"Now," laughed Deshon, when I heard him tell it, "was that a knock or a boost?"

Marie Dressler is another star who was in ten-cent opera at one time. She was a capital Katisha, Lady Jane, in "Patience," and Buttercup, and sometimes sang in the chorus. Doing chorus work meant no sacrifice of professional dignity in an organization where everybody was striving for general excellence. Faithful "team work" was a notable characteristic of ten-cent opera. With the exception of the leading comedian and prima donna, everyone sang in the chorus occasionally. Even the two principal persons helped out choruses when they chanced to be in the wings. In a company which numbered only twenty or so, all told, it was necessary to use all the singing volume available.

Anna Caldwell, who has lately

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SHORTLY after the Civil War, Edmund C. Stedman said to me that no really great romance of American life

Players I Have Known

By A VETERAN CRITIC

morning the youngest, freshest and most gallant man on board the ship. He is the idol of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, and



Margaret Anglin

had ever been written, or could be written for years to come, because life in this country was so insipid in that it lacked the varying class conditions and environments that prevailed in European countries.

Henry James once reaffirmed this belief in a paper that he wrote on the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in which he asserted that that greatest of American novelists was hampered by the narrowness of his early New England surroundings and would have done greater and better work had he gone to Europe earlier in his life. Some years later, in discussing this subject with Mark Twain, he agreed with his fellow writers, and when it was suggested that the Pacific Coast afforded suitable background and sufficient stirring events, as indicated not only by the success of himself, but of Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte in this field, he replied that: "The Pacific Coast could furnish the scenery, story, and hero, but not the right type of heroine. It is impossible to produce a truly great novel with its characters citizens of the Pacific Coast, for one fails to find there as yet the surroundings and characteristics required to produce the finest and greatest creation of the Almighty—a noble, good, and cultivated woman."

In discussing this question in the fall of 1905 with Blanche Bates, who was enjoying great success in her then new play, "The Girl of the Golden West," she took issue with these gentlemen. Miss Bates said: "I cannot agree with Mr. Clemens, for I believe that on the Pacific Coast (of which she is a native) can now be found just such heroines. I know of a girl who lived in California in the '70s, in a mining camp, who was much such a woman as the girl in this play. These rough miners, horse thieves, and sheep stealers, pay the loftiest tribute to such women by the devotion and respect they show them, and this devotion is an inherited trait, for these men always know the difference between good and bad women. One cannot deceive them."

In this connection she cited the case of a well-known young woman in San Francisco who many years ago always "ran with the machine" to every fire that occurred in the city, sat up all night with the firemen, and yet preserved a spotless reputation and eventually married a man of high character.

"For my part," she continued, "I believe that a girl is safer to-day in any mining camp in California than if she walks down Broadway, New York, without escort. I came East with the loftiest ideas as to your Eastern civilization, but regret to say that all too often I have been disappointed in the type of manhood one meets in your so-called best circles."

Miss Bates felt that, in the heroine of Mr. Belasco's play, she had found the medium by which she could portray the true character of her sex, as found in many a mining camp in the Rockies.

In a most vivacious manner she discussed the literary men of California, telling the story of her first interview with Joaquin Miller, whom she visited at his picturesque home at Oakland, California. In greeting him she exclaimed, "What a beautiful prospect you have here, Mr. Miller." Taking her by the hand, he replied, "Why don't you utter the truth that I see springing from your lips and say, 'How — hot it is here to-day?'"

Of Mr. George Bromley of San Francisco, then eighty-five years old (he died in 1909), who had just published his delightful reminiscences, "The Near and the Long Ago," she said: "Mr. Bromley is the most remarkable old man I ever met. Out there we say he is a hundred and fifty, but he went with a theatrical company with which I was connected, not many years ago on a trip to the Sandwich Islands, drank straight whiskey all during the voyage, and all the time he was on the islands, which nobody else can do there, and yet bobbed up every

is really a delightful old gentleman."

I quoted to Miss Bates a eulogy of Sir Henry Irving, in which the critic said that "The dean of the American stage in the later years of his life devoted himself to exploiting one second-class play and thereby made a fortune, whereas Mr. Irving never rested on his laurels but, without regard for pecuniary reward, went on from play to play, developing his genius thereby." Miss Bates expressed her warm approval of Mr. Irving's methods in this respect, and said that nothing was worse for an actor or actress than to devote himself or herself to a single play. She stated that, during the long and successful runs of the different plays in which she had appeared under the management of Mr. Belasco, she had repeatedly obtained permission to appear at matinées in other plays, to avoid becoming too fixed and hardened in her methods. The versatility which she has shown in such plays as "The Children of the Ghetto," "Under Two Flags," "The Darling of the Gods," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Fighting Hope" and "Nobody's Widow," evinces the soundness of her theories in this respect.

When "The Darling of the Gods" was first played in Baltimore, an incident occurred which, under the circumstances, was rather amusing, and which delighted Miss Bates when I related it to her. It will be recalled that the last tableau represents the heroine as struggling through the river that separates the Japan of the play from the Japanese Heaven, where her lover is supposed to have been waiting for her for a thousand years. The theatre was in darkness, and the figure of Yo-San was dimly seen passing through the waters. In the silence I heard the voice of a university student. "Do you think she will get across?" "Sure," said his comrade, "she's got a transfer."

The success of "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Squaw Man," "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Great Divide," demonstrates that while the Pacific Coast may not have yet furnished the background for a great novel, it has for four dramas.

When she visited Baltimore in "The Fighting Hope," in which she scored such success in a part unlike any in which she had ever before played, Miss Bates expressed the belief that while the play was useful in teaching that capitalists are not all as black as they are painted in many recent American plays, yet the public is tiring of these plays that preach, and are harking back to the romantic drama. When I told her how often I had wished to see her and Miss Anglin as co-stars, she said that she had dreamed of such a combination herself, and had even talked of it with Miss Anglin, but that when "Maggie" had suggested that they start with "East Lynne," her courage had failed her, as she felt herself unable to contend with Miss Anglin in such a part as Lady Isabel.

Margaret Anglin had greatly impressed me in "The Only Way" and "Miss Dane's Defense," before I met her in Baltimore in the spring of 1906 when she was producing "Zira" there. Talking with her of this last play, I inquired whether she did not find the confession scene very wearying. Her reply was, "If you only knew how little I mind it, you would not ask," saying that emotion could be put on and off like a glove. She expressed a desire to play comedy rôles, and said that she would be only too happy to appear in some of Shakespeare's dramas.

One of Miss Anglin's schoolmates, who was educated with her in Montreal, tells me that, at a performance given by the girls at the school, at the special request of her parents no part had been assigned to her. During the evening an irresistible impulse seized her, and going upon the platform she made a recitation that was by far the hit of the performance.

When in Baltimore in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," which she played with grace and delicacy, I asked her opinion of the discussion then going on in

(Continued on page vi)



Robert Mantell



Blanche Bates



White

Colonel Pomponnet (Frank Doune)

The Colonel is quite a favorite with the ladies

SCENE IN "OH! OH! DELPHINE," AS PRESENTED RECENTLY AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE



Melburn

VERA CURTIS

American soprano who appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House

Science and the Stage

TWO years ago, about the time when moving pictures and the phonograph first began to enrich players and singers of the speaking and operatic stage, Thomas A. Edison uttered the prophecy that the day was not far off when the workingman would lay down his dime at the box office of the modern theatre of science and witness reproductions of grand operas, plays and spectacles for which the world's greatest singers and players would be utilized only for the original films and phonographic records.

At that time, the Wizard of Menlo Park, who had given to the world the two greatest inventions by which public entertainment was completely revolutionized, did not undertake to assume that the successful synchronization of the phonograph and the moving picture would be achieved by himself. As a matter of fact, it has already been possible to hear the entire operetta, "The Chimes of Normandy," acted and sung through scientific simulation of sound and action, but the achievement was by no

means perfect, though he would have been indeed a pessimist who after witnessing the spectacle expressed skepticism as to the ultimate success of the effort to preserve for future generations not only the pantomimic portrayals of the famous players, but to faithfully record their vocal expression. In other words, what had been accomplished two years ago indicated what Mr. Edison's prophecy would be fulfilled, and that besides providing entertainment for the masses that had heretofore been possible only at a prohibitive cost, the amazing spectacle of seeing deceased players act and hearing them speak their lines will be revealed to generations to come.

What this really means the reader will best comprehend by asking himself what he would give to see Booth as "Hamlet," Charlotte Cushman as "Meg Merrilles," Forest as "Richard III" and Edmund Kean as "Othello," at this time.

Fancy our being able to enter the scientific playhouse of to-day and hear Jenny Lind, Mario, Grisi, Piccolomini, Wachtel, Parepa Rosa and the Adelina Patti of her prime, yet we know already that the generations after us will see the divine Sarah as "Camille," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "La Tosca" and "Queen Elizabeth," they will see Réjane and Jane Hading in the plays that gave them their fame, and they will see Mounet-Sully as "Edipus Rex." And even the members of the exclusive Comédie Française have just consented to appear before the camera that the artistry of the house of Molière may be perpetuated on the screen.

And now that the stars of grand opera earn quite as much through their phonograph records as from their efforts on the stages of our opera houses, and when such eminent stellar figures of the dramatic stage as Mrs. Fiske, Viola Allen, Ethel Barrymore, James K. Hackett and James O'Neill have capitulated to the importunities of the camera man, comes the announcement that not only has the demonstration of the Edison device, called the Kinetophone, realized all of the wizard's hopes and aims, but a group of amusement magnates, controlling about one hundred playhouses where high-grade vaudeville is the attraction, after witnessing the trial demonstration at the Orange laboratory then and there entered into an agreement by which these gentlemen will in future provide about one-half of their attractions through the Kinetophone, instead of continuing to mete out to the players and singers in the flesh the salaries which they claim are destined to land the managerial faction in the bankruptcy courts.

The statement is made that from this one contract alone the royalties accruing to the leasing company controlling the exhibition rights to the Kinetophone will amount to \$500,000 a year, and as this group of managers is given no exclusive privileges, and as there are a dozen such syndicates, some idea may be formed of the scope and possibilities of this latest development in scientific public entertainment. Moreover, it will be recalled that at the outset the phonograph was a mere toy compared with what it is to-day, while the motion picture was used as a "chaser" in the vaudeville theatres of but a few years ago.

To-day Caruso could retire from the operatic stage, safe in the knowledge that his income from the phonograph will be forthcoming as long as he lives, with every indication, that the total will increase rather than decrease, and Madame Luisa Tetrassini must surely congratulate herself that the phonograph company refused her offer five years ago to sing her entire repertoire at their studio for \$1,000 cash. Luisa was as great an artiste then as now, but had not yet been hailed by a metropolitan public as La Diva! That same phonograph company, three years later, approached the diva, but they had to pay a bonus of \$50,000 for her consent, while her annual royalties are said to reach between \$50,000 and \$60,000, which is interesting here merely to indicate what happens when progress becomes rampant.

It was much quite the same with the moving picture. As recently as three years ago, not a single prominent player from the speaking stage was willing

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NEW YORK CITY
Condé Nast, Publisher

25 cents a number
Twice a month

\$4.00 a year
24 numbers

The American Playwright

Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

(Author of "The Technique of the Drama,"
and "The Analysis of Play Construction.")

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Stage Illusions in Levitation

(Continued from page 64)

platform, and the audience looking in the direction of the rod see the reflected side curtains and the curtain at the rear of the stage. The effect is therefore the same as it would be without a rod.

To make possible the use of a smaller hoop and to permit a change in position of the vertical rod from the centre of the body to the head where it is less noticeable, the horizontal iron support of the inner rest of the couch is arranged as shown in plan in Fig. 6. Here *a* represents the inner rest of the couch, *c* the vertical rod at the head of the rest, and *s* the horizontal iron rod connecting these two. The passage of the hoop over the body is indicated by its positions, 1, 2, 3, etc., these being consecutively numbered to indicate the direction of movement.

It will be noted from Fig. 6 that, whereas the method of passing the hoop over the body is practically the same as in Fig. 5, the test appears to be a much more severe one, owing to the comparatively small diameter of the hoop. After the body has risen to a height of from four to five feet, the performer with the hoop in hand generally mounts a stool at the left of the vertical rod, *c*, Fig. 6, so that when the body has risen two or three feet further, or to a maximum height of say eight feet above the stage, he will be in a position to pass the hoop over it as previously explained.

Notable Stage Figures

(Continued from page 68)

be meted out to such a sterling player were her period of activity that of the present.

After Seebach came to Booth's Theatre the ravishingly beautiful Adelaide Neilson, whose Juliet took New York by storm. This English actress was tremendously popular, and her vogue showed not the least decline to the last. Her sad death, in Paris, while her fame was at the zenith point, shocked theatregoers throughout the land.

Charles Fechter came after Neilson and his career was indeed a stormy one. Fechter was perhaps the most widely discussed actor of the nineteenth century. Despite his excitable and quarrelsome disposition he was generally hailed as one of the four greatest actors of his day. Although this Anglo-French tragedian scored greatest in such melodramatic plays as "The Corsican Brothers," "Ruy Blas" and "The Duke's Motto," he created a sensation with an unconventional portrayal of Hamlet.

Fechter, though past fifty, looked to be about twenty as the melancholy Dane, and his wearing of a blond wig caused much discussion.

Fechter, like the late Sir Henry Irving, was a great stage director, and his procedure at all times was actuated by the highest ideals. He spent a fortune to remodel the theatre on West 14th Street, which he called The Lyceum.

The late Richard Mansfield took Fechter's career as a model for his own, and the two were of a similar mould mentally and physically. R. GRAU.

Players I Have Known

(Continued from page 70)

the local press as to censorship of the drama, some prudish people even objecting to her play. She maintained that a censorship such as had lately been exercised by the Collector of Water Rents (who is likewise the theatrical censor in Baltimore) was useless, and that, for her part, she believed that, after all, the press and the public itself were the best censors, and that vicious and suggestive plays, which no one dislikes more than she, never win long success.

Discussing with Miss Anglin her performance of "The Great Divide," I asked how she, a Canadian and a Roman Catholic, had so penetrated into the New England conscience in her interpretation of the heroine. Her reply was that she had been up against that troublesome article in New Englanders all her life. She then told me a story of a plain old Scotchwoman who observed the Sabbath so strictly that when she wrote a letter on Sunday she always dated it Saturday or Monday.

Like Miss Bates, Miss Anglin expressed distaste for long runs in a single play, which resulted in a state where from sheer weariness she forgot her lines, and had to mentally exert herself to regain them. Miss Bates commented on this that she, too, had been through that stage.

It is to be hoped that each of these actresses will soon find opportunity to play in classic rôles, for which each of them are so well fitted.

H. P. GODDARD.

Philadelphia's Little Theatre

(Continued from page 61)

ing heroine. She was the Chlora, seeking an Adrian, and there were five separate men to engage her attention. The episodes were suggested by those in "The Affairs of Anatol," but Chlora is different, for she never transgresses the moral code, and is only a flirtatious girl who finally meets the man ingenious enough and resourceful enough to win from her a promise to marry him.

In the staging of the play, Mrs. Jay and her assistants achieved some remarkable effects. Most interesting of all is the final scene representing the Adriatic. When the curtain rises one sees a body of water upon which a Summer Man is rowing. On a rock, engaged in the task of painting in oils, is Chlora, seated at an easel. She disdains the oarsman until he reminds her that there is such a thing as tide and that it will rise soon. The on-lookers are amazed as the water rises and as they see Chlora's feet submerged. She removes her slippers and throws them in the boat. The water continues to rise, and soon after she has capitulated to the extent of entering the boat, the rock upon which she had stood has disappeared and the stool upon which she had been sitting is covered by the flood. Still she is defiant, declaring that she will not marry him until she has placed her arms round his neck and that she will never do such a foolish thing. With little ado, he upsets the boat and both tumble into the water. She is conquered but a trifle discomfited when she discovers that the water is only three feet deep and that there was no fear of her drowning. HERMAN L. DIECK.

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Song Medley No. 5, "Remick Review," Victor Mixed Chorus. Chorus, "Down in Dear Old New Orleans"—Solo, "When I Waltz With You"—Quartet, "That Old Girl of Mine"—Chorus, "Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee"—Quartet, "My Little Persian Rose"—Chorus, "You're a Great Big Blue-Eyed Baby."

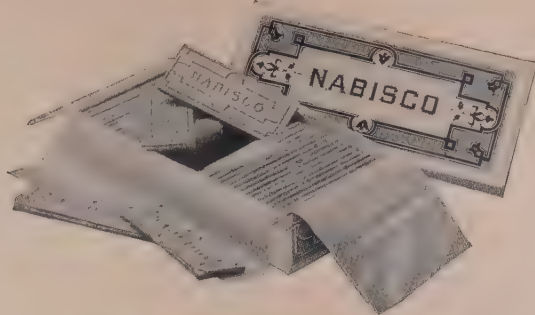
Song Medley No. 6, "Snyder Specials," Victor Mixed Chorus.—Chorus, "When the Midnight Choo-Choo"—Solo, "When I Lost You"—Chorus, "Snookey-Ookums"—Solo and Chorus, "Take Me Back to the Garden of Love"—Chorus, "At the Devil's Ball."

POPULAR SONGS FOR AUGUST.—The August list of popular songs is quite a large one, owing to the great demand at this season (sometimes called the "silly season!") for numbers of this kind.

Some of these attractive songs should be in every collection intended for summer amusement. "Floating Down the River on the Alabam" (Brown-Von Tilzer), Heidelberg Quintette; "Ragtime Regiment Band" (Morris), Heidelberg Quintette; "My Turkish Opal" (Gillespie-Williams), Peerless Quartet; "San Francisco Bound" (Irving Berlin), Peerless Quartet; "Come and Kiss Your Little Baby" (Von Tilzer), Jones-Murray; "Mirandy and Me" (Benham-Vanderveer), Helen Clark-Walter Van Brunt; "Sunshine and Roses" (Van Alstyne), Edna Brown-James F. Harrison; "Just Say Again You Love Me" (Goldstein), Charles W. Harrison; "We've Got a Parrot in Our House" (Pretty Poll, Pretty Poll), Arthur Collins-Byron G. Harlan; "Let Her Go, Let Her Go" (Bayha-Jentes), Billy Murray; "The Curse of an Aching Heart" (Fink-Piantadosi), Will Oakland; "Down Old Harmony Way" (Cooper), Peerless Quartet; "Teasing Moon" (Murphy-Marshall), Heidelberg Quintette; "Just a Dream of You, Dear" (Klickman), Hayden Quartet.

NEW DANCE RECORDS FOR AUGUST.—"Last Night Was the End of the World"—Waltz (H. Von Tilzer); "Melinda's Wedding Day"—Medley One-Step; "Snookey-Ookums"—Medley One-Step; "You're a Great Big Blue-Eyed Baby"—Medley; "Good Bye Boys"—Medley One-Step; "When I Lost You"—Medley Waltz; "Nights of Gladness"—Boston; "Maori"—Tango. (Adv.)

The incidental music written by William Furst for Longfellow's "Evangeline" has been completed, and the score has been placed in the producer's hands. The composer has provided a complete musical setting for all the various scenes and tableaux in the Broadhurst stage version of the poem. The lady opens at the Park Theatre in New York on September 29th.



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When Mabel Meets the Actors

(Continued from page 48)

furnished forth with a tea-urn, cups, saucers and plates of small cakes—the ushers conduct Mabel and Gertrude, with a few score of others, mostly girls and young women, through the boxes at one side of the auditorium, and by way of a little iron door to the stage.

Miss Marguerite Collins (she is Mrs. Collins in private life, and acts as treasurer of the company, as well as leading lady) is all smiles and affability, while as for Clarence Peachblow, he is pronounced "perfectly lovely" by all the Mabels and Gertrudes who meet him, and it is they who make up a large percentage of the total number of guests. Mabel keeps her promise to introduce Gertrude, and, as Mr. Peachblow—deep-voiced, deliberate, and oh, so intellectual!—takes her hand and bows over it, Gertrude thrills in the belief that he is going to kiss it. But he doesn't. He straightens up in a moment, at the same time shooting a soulful glance at her from his fathomless dark eyes that means deep, enduring love at first sight, if Gertrude knows the signs, and she is pretty sure she does. What if—

"I think the play this week is better than the last one," remarks Mabel.

The spell is broken. Instantly the soulful look transfers itself to her, as Mr. Peachblow says he is so glad she likes it, and Gertrude expresses the opinion that it is "just grand."

"I met you last week, you know, Mr. Peachblow," says Mabel, coyly. "You haven't forgotten me, have you?"

"Forgotten you?" Clarence Peachblow's almost agonized tone tells her that he is hurt, although obviously he has not the slightest recollection of ever having seen her before. "Why, what a question! As if I could—"

"Mr. Peachblow, this is Miss Simpkins," interrupts a soft voice behind him.

He turns quickly, and there is the same enraptured gaze for Miss Simpkins, as he takes her hand and bends over it reverently, that he has just given to Gertrude. He is utterly oblivious of her and Mabel now, however, and they do not get another opportunity to speak to him, even when he presents a plate of lady-fingers to them, for he is smiling in another direction as he does it, and his offering of the plate is quite perfunctory.

So the two girls go to Miss Marguerite Collins and tell her how splendid she was in the play, and they each take a cup of tea from her ere they are pushed aside by others who are storming the table, amid a babel of chatter that drives the stage-hands—who are waiting to "strike" the scene before going to supper—into paroxysms of subdued profanity.

A commonplace-looking man in a sack suit—whose shining face and wet hair, tinged with yellow paint at the temples, indicate that he has rather hurriedly "washed up"—comes toward them smilingly. They are rather disposed to snub him, until they hear someone address him as "Mr. Jones." Then they know he is the leading comedian, who has always been one of their favorites in the company. He has taken off his Chinese "make-up" and hastened back to the stage to take part in the reception. Mabel and Gertrude are in the midst of a laughing conversation with him at once, for he has plenty to say for himself, and happens to be one of those rare comedians who are funny and entertaining on their own account, without the help of the playwright.

Other members of the company mingle with the guests, and Gertrude is introduced to them all by Mabel, who, on the strength of her having been to other receptions, assumes the duty of sponsor for her chum. Gertrude never has been on a stage before. Everybody is glad to see her, and she confides to Mabel in a whisper that she never had suspected how charmingly polite all actors were.

Then, as it is her first visit to a stage, she steals away with Mabel to see how it looks behind the scenes, and finds herself peeping into dressing-rooms, gazing with awe at the flats stacked against the brick wall at the back, wondering at the flapping "borders," with their rows of incandescent lamps.

Ten minutes later Mabel and Gertrude and the other visitors are in the street, the stage hands are pulling the drawing-room to pieces, and Clarence Peachblow is saying to Collins, his partner, as he put on his hat and lights a cigarette in his dressing-room, preparatory to rushing off to his hotel:

"Thank the Lord *that's* over. I tell you, Collins, if I don't get an hour's good rest, I'll go all to pieces in to-night's show. I'm limp as a rag."

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How I Portray a Woman

(Continued from page 58)

of the first rule for correct and becoming hair-dressing. Instead they follow the prevailing fashion no matter how unbecoming. A woman should select one style for her coiffure, make it her own and cling to it as Cleo de Merode clung to hers which was simple and yet lovely. I am certain that most women would be improved fifty per cent. in appearance if they were more careful with their hair.

Maybe I am treading on dangerous ground when I say that in my belief a woman who has an unattractive shade of hair owes it to herself to have it touched up to a prettier color. But she should leave the process to an expert. To doctor it herself would in all probability ruin it. Just at present there is a fad abroad to have white hair—an idea started in Paris when Lady Warwick with her silvery hair and youthful face rode the boulevards. The women were enchanted with her and many of them are now "touching" their hair at the temples to make it look quite white.

Right in line with coloring the hair, I think that a woman should make her complexion look as well as she can. For a good complexion the use of cold cream at night is imperative. Put it on thickly, leave it a few minutes and then remove it with a soft cloth. If a woman will do this and then use a little powder she will look ten years younger. And speaking of powder, I am a good person to recommend it for I use five pounds each week on my face and arms.

Now you know how I change my physical appearance. The actual portrayal of women is merely a matter of study. To build up my characterization, incorporating all the feminine tricks and traits of movement or repose which are most easily recognized by both sexes, requires much close observation. I did not attempt to copy from any one woman but observed and studied from many, seeking to catch only what was beautiful and pleasing. I had to modulate my natural stride, to change the abrupt manual gestures of a man to the softer, more graceful postures of a woman, and to learn the proper manœuvring of skirts both short and long.

Women are naturally my keenest critics. I never lose sight of their viewpoint, and as dress with them is a sort of second nature I try to mirror the fashions in a superlative degree but not to the extreme. This demands that I keep in close touch with the latest modes but the result is worth the trouble. Also it is worth the expense which is close to \$10,000 a year.

The whole thing is simply a business proposition with me. If the public is puzzled with the problem of my "transformation," that is all I ask, for curiosity is the biggest paying factor in an audience. But believe me, I'm mighty glad at the end of the day's work to be a man again.

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A Chat with Judith Gautier

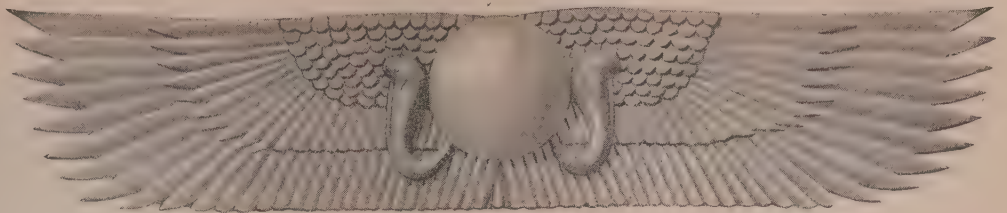
(Continued from page 60)

Not at all! Yet she has no quarrel with equal suffrage. If, however, she desired to vote, she declared it would be most vexing and annoying to find she was barred from franchise exercising by reason of sex. But voting is work, politics strenuous. So why vote when there is so much romance, so much human life, emotion about her. Why spoil the picture?

It is the element of mystery in Mme. Gautier that always has attracted the attention of artists, the same element that led Sargent to paint her portrait. It was she who selected the music for "Daughter of Heaven," some of which she exquisitely played for me.

And down in the street below the rue Washington there is ever the noise and the traffic, but all so far removed from the vibrant magnetism of "La Belle Judith." THEODORE BEAN.

Madame Nazimova was to have been a violinist; she is a great actress; she might have been a famous dressmaker. It frequently happens that persons who are devoting their best endeavors to their chosen professions would be equally great in some other walk of life. One of the biggest surgeons in England finds his recreation in portrait painting. A great editor in this country is a skilful restorer of antique furniture and has a complete workshop in his house where he spends most of his leisure time. Caruso could easily get a job on a newspaper as a caricaturist. And so it goes.



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The Theatrical Jury

(Continued from page 51)

noisseur, must be defective in some important quality. Molière knew what he was about when he read his plays to his housekeeper. If they did not satisfy her homsey intelligence, then his art must have missed fire. Stagecraft is for mankind in the mass, not for the coterie. Closet dramatists are not aware of this, and their plays lack human warmth. They have lived with abstractions and paint shadows. But the man of the theatre mingles with his kind; he takes his cue from the Time Spirit. He it is, and not the historian in the narrow sense of the word, whom Shakespeare calls "The abstract and brief chronicle of the times."

He builds plays out of the ideas and emotions that are in ferment all around him. He does not condescend to the populace; but studies God's handiwork in the very "groundling." The colloquy of the gravediggers in "Hamlet"; the pranks with lancelot in "The Merchant of Venice"; Dogberry's "Write Me Down an Ass," are a practical response to the desire of the audience to "seek repose upon a humbler theme" after the loftier flights of the poet's fancy. Our dramatic Pharisees call such contrasts artificial; but there are still people for whom the pageant of Shakespeare, with its changes from tragedy to fooling, is truer to life than the machine-made uniformity of some of our cried-up moderns.

The author does not realize what his play really is until he has felt the reaction of the audience. In the presence of those instinctive abettors of the drama who sit before the curtain, what before was as uncertain as the negative of a photograph, emerges into positive definition. The first public representation is virtually the last rehearsal. Actors may prophesy and managers dogmatize, but the truth can only be groped after—till the jury is in its place, and the formal hearing has begun. Regard for the public saved Pinero from ruining "The Profligate." The play hinges on the marriage of Puritan and libertine. When the wife learns of her husband's past, she leaves him. In despair, he takes poison, and the wife returns to find him dying. That was the original ending; but the populace refused to accept it. They held that Pinero had not made allowance for the mercy that dwells in every good woman's heart. Eventually the playwright yielded and the play, intolerable in its first form, found favor when it had been modified to suit the popular view. The public it was that saved James Hearn from managerial damnation. The manager protested against what he considered the "undramatic" ending of "Shores Acres." The darkened room, with the old man closing up for the night, seemed to him an anti-climax, and he rang down the curtain on a family reunion. This flat commonplace came near to spoiling the play. One night, however, Hearn and his fellow actors determined to end "Shore Acres" as it had been written. The audience hailed the poetic ending with joy and the author was vindicated.

We do not demand the pillorying of individuals, as the Greeks did, when Aristophanes introduced Socrates into "The Clouds," discarding of the immortality of the soul. But people do expect that the drama shall take cognizance of the movements of the day. Are we thinking of telepathy, Augustus Thomas gives us "The Witching Hour"; does the assimilation of the immigrant occupy people's minds, Israel Zangwill responds with "The Melting Pot." Never indeed was court with purview so unlimited as is the theatre. Not only does the unsworn jury "well and truly try" the main issue, but it takes account of subordinate questions as well. When they are trying Claudius for the murder of the King of Denmark, the audience keeps a wary eye on young Hamlet, for rumor has it that he is not quite responsible for his actions. Other spectators constitute themselves a committee of the Society of Psychical Research and take note of all that pertains to apparitions. No question so recondite or fantastical but some group in this most catholic of all juries will give it thought.

In spite of its aberrations, its proneness to be caught by glare, its worship of the hero of the moment, in the long run the theatrical jury renders substantial justice. Only plays that reflect some noble vision of things as they are or as the poet's fancy pictures them hold a permanent place in popular esteem. Producers grumble because high-class drama does not pay. In saying this, they are both right and wrong; good art may not pay immediately, but it pays long. It is the same with the drama as it is with poetry, painting and music. Only the best lives, and eventually it pays tenfold; but its votaries must pass through a probationary season of leanness and poverty.

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Meanwhile the theatrical Mammon has to say as to what kind of art shall occupy the boards. "Give the people what they want," they cry, and utter a falsehood; for what they mean in their hearts is "Give the people what we wish them to want." The public desire the best that art can give them; if it were not so, the money-makers of yesterday would be the money-makers of today. Playwrights who sacrifice their ideals to the exigencies of the box office are traitors to art. They sell their souls for a mess of pottage.

Condescended to by players, despised by managers, held cheap by playwrights, can it be wondered at if, at last, people have come to think meanly of themselves, and to doubt their possession of any dignified artistic function? When they almost surrounded the stage, as in Shakespeare's day, or occupied seats upon the very boards with Molière, they were accepted by playwright and actor as veritable coadjutors. And coadjutors they still remain, and capable withal, under favorable conditions, of giving such inspiration as Sophocles felt when his "Persians" was played by survivors of Marathon or Stratford Will spoke sublime jingoism to the destroyers of the Invincible Armada. What the marble of Carrara was to Michelangelo, what the violins of Cremona were to Corelli, that the audience should be to the dramatist. It is the duty and prerogative of the public to strengthen the hands of playwright and actor, to be discontented with what is unworthy, to demand that the play "shall hold the mirror up to nature." The outlook is only hopeless for those who have not faith, and everyone who has faith can help others to see the vision. Men still cling to the ideal and, for that reason, the art of the stage outlives the changes of fashion, purifies itself of baseness, and overcomes the enmity of ignorance and prejudice.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

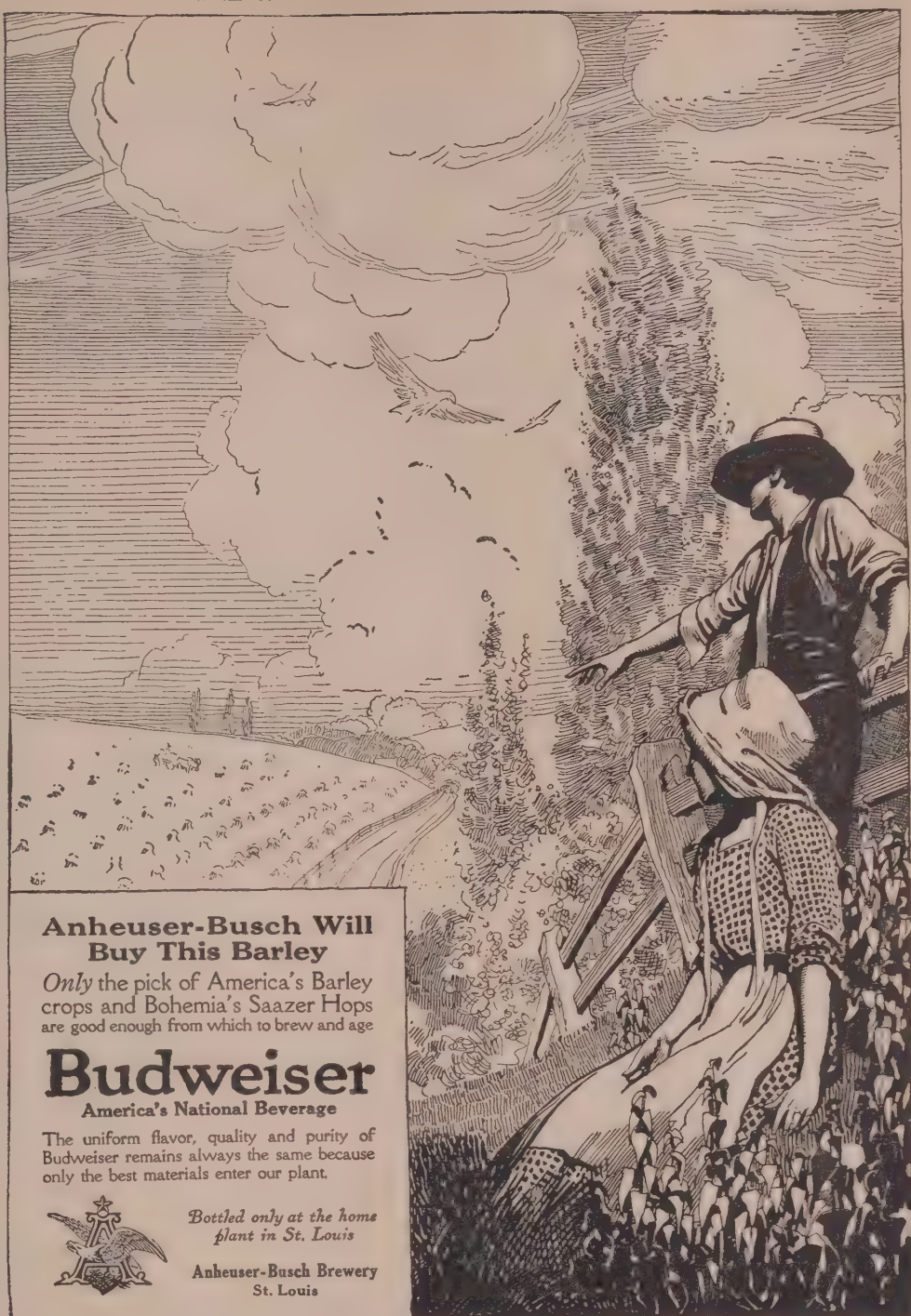
(Continued from page 39)

choose between us.' At the point of the pistol Pauline is compelled to drink. 'It will be quick,' says the wife. But Pauline does not get the poison. Then the wife raises her cup. The scene would have lost its tenseness if she did more than to lip the briefest good-bye. 'I hope you two will be happy—very, ery happy,' she says, as she raises the cup, pointing the pistol at her husband and warning him away. He risks the shot and in despair at her proposed action dashes to her side and knocks the cup from her hand.

"That's not fair," shrieks Pauline, 'you have not fulfilled your part of the bargain.' "He wouldn't let me," laughs the wife, 'and, besides, there wasn't poison in either of the cups—I just wanted to see which one he—' "And the curtain falls."

Philip Bartholomae's play, "When Dreams Come True," which he aptly terms "a musical comedy of youth," has met with an unusually large measure of success at the Garrick Theatre, Chicago, where it is likely to remain throughout the summer term.

The play, says the dramatic reviewer of the *Commercial Tribune*, relates the adventures of a young fellow in Paris, whose father in New York has cut off his supplies by reason of his having become entangled with a dancer in one of the Parisian theatres. So the young fellow, having pawned everything available to purchase a ticket for home, is discovered in the steerage of the steamship *Kaiser* bound from France to New York. Naturally enough, he is very unhappy in his disagreeable surroundings, but he sees a beautiful young girl on one of the upper decks, and as the vision is but momentary he imagines the sweet, youthful face a mere figment of his imagination. Later, on shore, he encounters the girl herself, and falls desperately in love with her. Through a designing woman this girl, Beth, is made the instrument for smuggling a string of pearls into America, while the hero is trying to smuggle in some absinthe, now a forbidden beverage, of which his father is extremely fond, and by which he hopes to placate the old gentleman. Both are discovered upon the wharf by the Custom House officers. As a ruse to escape, young Mr. Hedges tells Beth that he is about to switch off the lights, directing her to escape to his automobile in the confusion and "drive home." The situations come thick and fast from this point to the finish, where Beth and Hedges are plighted. The principal member of the cast is Joseph Santley, a slender and graceful young fellow, agreeable to the eye, who sings melodiously and dances with remarkable agility and ease.



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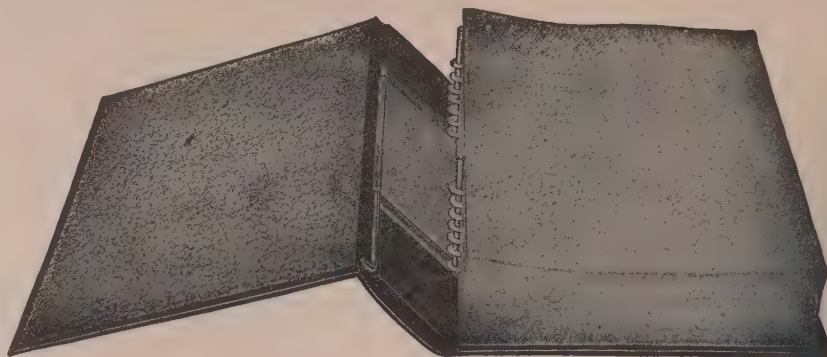
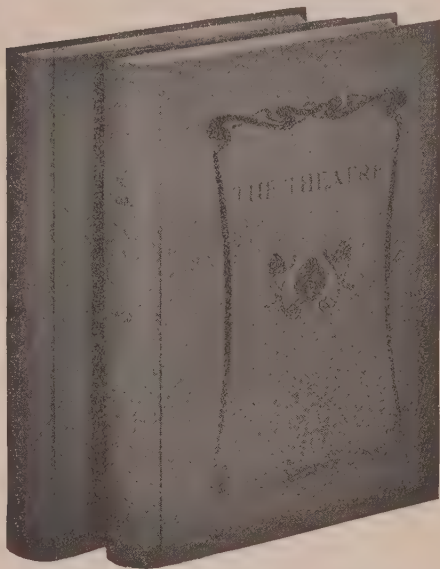
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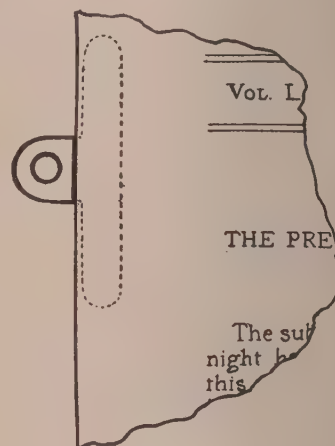
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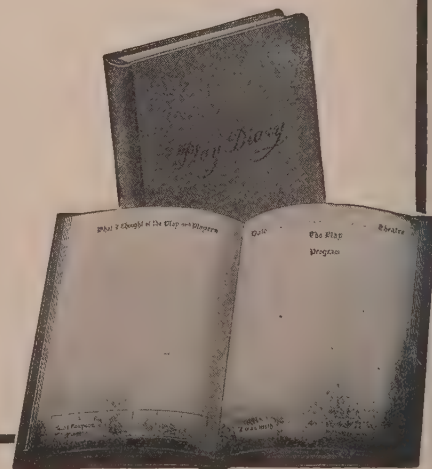
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Reminiscences of an Actress

(Continued from page 44)

Coppée was not very influential, he could only encourage me, and so he did. I next went to see Alexandre Dumas fils.

One of his first questions was:

"Have you thirty thousand francs income?"

"No, sir," I answered, "but I will try to earn them."

"Ah, my child, the stage is not the place to make a fortune. However, play somewhere, no matter how small the theatre, I will go and see you."

He kept me nearly an hour talking to me very much like a father confessor, giving me advice and encouragement in spite of what he had said before. It is singular how kind and approachable great people are and how disagreeable, mean and insulting, mediocrity can be.

My next visit was to Sarcey, the great critic; a man worshipped by the profession and not without cause. Everybody was welcome to his house; every actor, according to his deserts, was praised or criticized.

At his Tuesday luncheons, one met a gathering made up of the most varied elements. A Councillor of State elbowed an actor, a young débutante threw an appealing glance at the influential critic; a haughty actress of the Théâtre Français looked disdainfully at the fascinating charms of a Thérèse or Yvette Guilbert; men of letters, whose sun was rising, listened with the smile of youth to the sarcasm of old age. There was no formality, a plain family meal was served, but wit reigned supreme and took the place of truffles and champagne.

One day, I was deploring the blasé ways, the lack of enthusiasm of the young men of the day. "Bah!" replied Sarcey, who had heard me, "they are not old enough to be young!"

Another day, he and a journalist of the *Figaro* were criticizing an actor most unmercifully. I said to a young comedian next to me: "Those are our assassins!" "Have no fear," replied Sarcey, "we only kill those who are very sick."

What food for thought an observer found in these literary and artistic symposiums. The love of glory is very much like the love of gold. Sarcey's guests reminded me of the famous picture "Le Salon d'or à Bade," where an eager crowd, seated at the roulette table, is anxiously watching the course of the little fatal ball, on which seems to hang their whole destiny; their senses are deadened, one only thought survives: Gold! So were the guests at the table of Sarcey and the greatest were the most cringing; for a word of praise, they seemed willing to forfeit their dignity, their manhood!

Sarcey's face and in fact, his whole person, reminded one of Socrates and of Rabelais. He had all the good humor of these philosophers and not a little of their wisdom. I owe him a debt of gratitude which I can never hope to repay.

I had made the acquaintance of Got, the great comedian of the Comédie Française. This acquaintance soon grew into friendship and every Sunday and sometimes during the week, several hours were spent with him, at his home in Passy, in the study of the French classics. His lessons were the best I have ever received. He was the bosom friend of Emile Augier and he hoped that the great author's influence would open to me the doors of the Comédie Française when I should be sufficiently prepared. But I had to wait six months, a year perhaps, and to wait is not easy when one's bank account is light; besides, a member of the famous "Maison de Molière" told me that that great institution was worse than any royal court; intrigue, gossip, backbiting, were the weapons with which each one tried to dethrone the other. I was not born for that sort of life. I can work, I cannot intrigue. I can fight my way legitimately and openly, but I cannot fight with cowards; therefore, when Mr. Carvalho, manager of the Théâtre du Vaudeville, offered me a position. I accepted it to the great disappointment of Got, who continued, nevertheless, to coach me in the great parts of Molière and the modern masters. The actress playing the leading part in "Le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre" had been taken ill and I had been engaged to fill her place.

There I was in Paris, in one of the leading theatres, with the expectation of some prominent part, that perhaps would bring me fame; what more could I desire? On the strength of my engagement, I settled myself down, furnished my apartment with every comfort and there I lived as happy as a bird in its nest.

(To be Continued)

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Comic Opera Old Timers

(Continued from page 69)

contributed several acceptable plays to the theatrical gaiety of the season, was a prima donna in "popular price" comic opera in the eighties. Her Serpolette, in "The Chimes," her Bettina, in "The Mascot," and her Olivette, were all full of dash and go. Something of the verve she displayed on the stage then seems to have got into the plays she writes now. That's one reason people like them.

Mrs. Russ Whytal, well known to Broadway theatre-goers as a quiet, forceful actress in serious drama, and who was leading woman for H. Beerbohm Tree (Sir Herbert Tree, by grace of King George) a year or two ago, used to sing in comic opera. The strong vibrant voice which Mrs. Whytal finds useful to-day in expressing the woes and aspirations of the dramatic heroines she portrays, was regarded as particularly valuable in holding up the chorus when, a very young girl, she was known as Miss Marie Knowles. On the scene or not, she was always required to sing in the ensembles, and was generally to be found in the wings—if her part did not call her before the footlights—singing away with a vigor that kept the others all up to their mark. Marie Knowles played parts, of course, as they all did. One character in which she made a pleasant impression that lingers in the memories of old theatre-goers to this day was Lady Angela, in "Patience."

There were a number of other prominent people who worked hard in comic opera before they turned to dramatic effort. William H. Crane, Nat Goodwin, Maude Adams and John Mason are names that come easily to mind. Everybody knows that the late Richard Mansfield barnstormed in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas before he gained recognition in more serious lines on the stage. Amy Leslie, the peppery Chicago critic, was, I believe, a clever singer and actress in the Wilbur Opera Company, in former days.

Considering how small were the companies, the productions of opera by the ten-cent companies were often marvelous. One organization—that in which were Bigelow, Deshon and the present Mrs. Russ Whytal—had a repertoire of about eight works, and every one was given effectively. The list included "The Mikado," "Patience," "Pinafore," "Chimes of Normandy," "The Mascot," "Olivette," "Girofle-Girofla," and "Billy Taylor." Sometimes there was an orchestra in the theatre where they played, and then the company's music director, Torriani (of the well-known New York musical family of that name) did his best to lick the local musicians into shape, and gave the score with as near completeness as he could. If there were no orchestra, he took it philosophically, played the entire opera on the piano without any help, and seemed to get along just as well.

Democracy was the watchword of the organization. It was understood that there must be no nonsense about stars or leading people, and that, except for giving the leading comedian and the prima donna the "star dressing rooms," no favoritism would be shown in this regard. The company "made up" in any room assigned to them, and the humblest chorus member might be quartered with the person who played leading parts whenever one of the principals was indisposed or had been allowed to take a rest for one performance.

The company gave six performances a week—two a day. What a strain it was on the voice to sing through two long operas in one day, and keep it up for forty-five weeks or so, can be imagined. No wonder it was found necessary to let some of the people skip a performance now and then. Talking about letting them off, it is related that one afternoon, in Philadelphia, when the bill was "Patience," there had been some confusion in arranging absenteeism, and when the first chorus of girls came on, singing *Twenty Love sick Maidens We*, there were only three love-sick girls to represent the twenty there should have been. But this was merely an incident of the tour, and nobody thought much about it.

It has been the habit of some present day producers of musical stage entertainment to sniff patronizingly at the kind of light opera popular twenty years ago or more. Gilbertian wit, they have said, is out of date, and the melodies of Sullivan, Lecocq, Planquette, Audran and Offenbach would not be catchy enough for to-day. Yet, in perhaps the most successful comic opera written in the last decade, the eminent composer responsible for the score calmly borrowed for one of his tune-fullest numbers the theme of a very familiar duet by Offenbach. Conterno gave it to us at Manhattan Beach, summer before last.

Lou Tellegen—A New Scarpia

BERNHARDT'S recent engagement in New York at the Palace Theatre was doubly interesting in serving to reintroduce to the American public a young Greek actor of unusual appeal and commanding presence.

Lou Tellegen is twenty-eight and he has already for two years been the leading man of the world's greatest actress. He is, therefore, a somewhat extraordinary young man—indeed, the youngest leading man she has ever had. Despite his youth his work has a dignity, authority and repose that is impressive. In watching these artistes together there appears no great disparity in age or experience, but then, has there yet been discovered a spirit that is more youthful than that of Sarah Bernhardt?

Tellegen's father was a Greek general and his mother a Danish dancer. He was born in Athens and reared in Holland. He has been associated with the theatre nearly all his life, rather against his father's wishes. He has travelled almost all over the world and has acted in Holland, France, England and America. He is, in fact, a man of the world by education and experience.

At fourteen he ran away from home and for three years lived a nomadic life. He knew what it was to be desolate—to be without decent clothes—to be disagreeably hungry.

One dramatic moment in his youthful experience impresses one as graphic and significant. He was sixteen—barefoot; he had no money, no place to go—no shelter and it began to rain. The quick, sudden realization of all this was too overwhelming—so he began to cry. He saw a house, but pride forbade from telling his plight. Seeing a tree he laid down under it and slept with the abandon of perfect youth. When he woke he walked to the next town, got work and in four hours was eating a meal that he had earned by the sweat of his brow. At that moment he says: "I realized what it was to be a man."

Tellegen is a universal man; as one talks with him you realize that his biggest lessons he has learned from the stars and living out in the open. He loves life and speaks of his love for it with the naiveté of a child. Bernhardt he reveres. He speaks of her with an affectionate, admiring respect that is refreshing. He says: "My mother brought me into the world, but Madame Sarah is my real mother. She has given me my chance and has taught me everything. We really play together: it is not work to us and there is no audience ever. It is those moments that we are on the stage that we live and have our real being. I hate the word actor—I never want to act—I want only to be!"

To see Tellegen on the stage is to be convinced that this is not a mere pose. Each of the characters he portrays is a creation and is etched individually with cameo-like clarity. Best of all he brings fresh thought to a character and often entirely disregards tradition. Oddly enough, his best work on the American stage has been the two extremes of classical and modern drama. Armand in "Camille" and Hyppolitus in "Phèdre." In this latter rôle he is given, too, the opportunity to visualize a glorious picture of physical beauty.

His most radical departure from tradition is revealed in his portraiture of Scarpia in "Tosca." Scarpia is usually presented as a burly brute, sensual, pugnacious, rather blatant and a little middle class. As a matter of fact, Scarpia was a patrician and Tellegen makes him so, and from this major note he works out his plan. He smiles a great deal and his smile is terrible. It is the smile of utter cruelty. There is no sun in this glancing light. It does not warm. It kills as it tortures Tosca. He has the gentleness of absolute control of the situation, he has the mildness of the finished job. He is subtlety and resiliency itself. His mentality hurts so you almost wish he'd do something crude, obvious and humanly stupid.

As Armand he is the ingenuous lover: a little *gauche* as a boy might be—a little dumb and awkward as a youth hopelessly in love ever is. His first entrance is perfect. You realize absolutely he is coming into the presence of his divinity—the one who embodies his *grande passion*. A. R.



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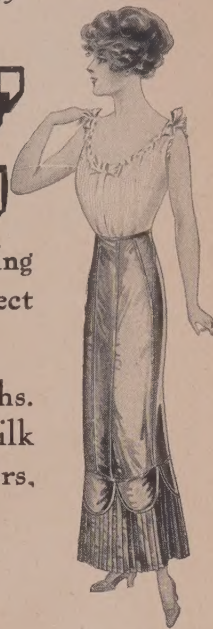
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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant? "I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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Science and the Stage

(Continued on page 72)

to make the excursions into the film studio, yet a few weeks ago the writer recognized on the screen in one photoplay four actors and actresses prominent last season in Charles Frohman's productions, and it is an actual fact that in the Vitagraph Company's roster are to-day one hundred and twenty players of the first rank. At least six of the number have been stars, and it is extremely doubtful if one of the number would care to make a change. Yet this same Vitagraph Company, six years ago, had a stock company numbering but six persons, and this included the three proprietors who appeared on the screen regularly. The company now is capitalized at a million and recently distributed \$25,000 to its employees at the Yuletide.

Assuming that progress shall be anything like as great with the Kinetophone as with its inventor's previous scientific devices for entertaining people, the problem that confronts theatrical managers and producers who cater to the public entertainment along the older lines is indeed a serious one. As matters stand now, the number of such managers and producers is the smallest it has been in thirty years. Like the players, the men who were wont to decry the vogue of the camera men have at last recognized the modern trend and are now affiliating themselves with the film industry at every turn.

Daniel Frohman, who is often referred to as the dean of the theatrical managers, and whose career has been noted for lofty ideals, characterizing his business and artistic procedure, is now almost wholly committed to the production of photoplays, and it was he who induced Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, and others to embrace the silent drama.

John Cort, who owns or controls more than two hundred playhouses west of Chicago, and who is gradually making his impress in the East, is another convert to the theatre of science. Mr. Cort is the head of a corporation, capitalized at \$2,000,000, which controls the exhibition rights for the Kitee Talking and Singing Pictures, and this invention, like the Edison Kinetophone, is something more than a mere synchronization of the moving-picture camera and the phonograph.

In the Edison productions the vocal expression appears to emanate from the lips of the performers, and this illusion is accomplished through electro-magnetic means. The horn of the phonograph is invisible, being placed back of the screen, while the projecting device is placed in a booth in the back of the auditorium.

In taking the pictures, the sensitive film and the phonographic record are made simultaneously, and the operator is never in doubt as to results, because the length of the films always correspond as to time to the fraction of a second with the phonograph record. An entire evening's entertainment may already be presented by both of these devices.

The all-important problem facing those producers of plays and spectacles who have not up to this time changed their environment, is whether Mr. Edison's prophecy means the ultimate passing of the player in the flesh. Of course, the actors are absolutely requisite for the original films and records, but with over six hundred representative players already firmly entrenched in the film studio, and one-third of the regular playhouses transformed into temples of the silent drama, the advent of the successful talking pictures would certainly mean that entertaining the public through science and artifice has reached the positive stage.

There are in New York City to-day one hundred theatres, seating from 500 to 3,000 persons, that were not in existence four years ago. These establishments are called "neighborhood" theatres. Of this number one-fifth are owned or controlled by Marcus Loew, who, six years ago, was maintaining a penny arcade in Harlem. To-day he is a multimillionaire. In the last two years he has erected four palatial theatres with enormous seating capacity in the congested districts of the greater city. Each of these establishments cost about a million dollars, yet in none of them is there a seat which costs its purchaser more than twenty-five cents.

A few years ago there were five legitimate playhouses on Fourteenth Street. To-day there are none, all have been reverted to the camera man, except the Academy of Music, and even this erstwhile home of grand opera is leased by William Fox at an annual rental of \$100,000 for no other reason than to prevent any competitor from utilizing it as a moving-picture theatre in opposition to the several gold-laden establishments operated by Mr. Fox on the same street.

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Parlow

Ysaye

Bonci

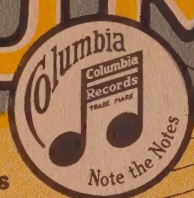
Hofmann

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